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THE PAUPER.

BY MRS. MARY E. KAIL.

I stand upon the grand seashore,
And view the rocks and drifts of sand;
The deep waves plashing o'er and o'er,
Seem like a voice from spirit-land;
And sea-weeds bow their drooping heads,
And dip their fingers in the sea,
While reaching down its golden threads
The sunlight weaves a crown for me.

A magic harp of thousand strings
Is waked to life by angel hands;
A choir seraphic, sweetly sings
The music of immortal lands;
Beneath the azure-tinted sky
Old Ocean moans a low refrain,
While white-winged beings from on high
Re-echo back the song again.

Why comes to me a dream like this—
To me, a pauper, old and poor?
While life, to some, brings perfect bliss,
I beg my bread from door to door;
Slandered and upbraided, cast aside,
No friend to wipe my tears away;
None fear to wound my helpless pride,
A wanderer by night and day.

Oft in the blessed book I read
That mercy, hope and love are free;
And yet I fear, while here I plead,
There is no hope for such as me;
Doomed! I am doomed to suffer pain;
Father of all, thine arm make bare,
While here I bow, and call thy name,
Remove this withering cup of care.

If I could sleep beneath the sea,
The sea-weed blooming o'er my heart,
Where no false dreams could come to me,
To mar the sweetness of my rest;
Even such a fate were better far
Than life, with all its blessings flown,
For then, perchance, some radiant star
Would watch beside the dead unknown.

THE LILY OF ST. ERNE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ESTHER'S SECRET," "HELENA LYLE," ETC.

[This story was commenced in No. 8, Vol. 56. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XV.

HOW MAX PROPITIATED THE CAPTAIN.

Strolling into the stables on the following morning, Max Haveryng heard what might account for Squire Penruan's secret visit to the cottage of old Dan Calynack. One of the grooms had been suspected of stealing some old harness; and though really innocent, the lad had been so frightened by his master's threats of imprisonment, that he had fled, and persuaded his friends to conceal him till the missing articles were found, or the relentless Squire's fury somewhat appeased.

There had been a rumor that the poor groom—a native of St. Erne—had gone to old Dan for counsel, and was in hiding at his cottage; and hearing this from one of the lad's fellow-servants, Max resolved to write to Letty, in spite of the restrictions laid upon such attempts to draw her into a correspondence. He argued to himself that such a communication was not only excusable but necessary, as it would answer a twofold purpose—relieve her of the fears that she had been entertaining, and enable Dan to warn the concealed and suspected youth that the Squire was searching for him.

Accordingly, he wrote a long, ardent epistle—hot, impetuous, like himself—yet so honest, so chivalrous in its devotion, that no woman could have perused it unmoved; and, as soon as breakfast was over, he descended the cliffs, and sought old Dan, to whom, if he would have it delivered, it must be entrusted.

But the white sails of the fisherman's lugger were just visible in the distance, and the door—a most uncommon occurrence—was locked. The little window, however, was easily unhasped, and Max dexterously tossed his letter on to a table, where it was sure to be seen by Dan on his return.

"He may grumble and mutter, but he will scarcely venture to withhold it from my Letty," the young man concluded. "Perhaps before the day is over it will be in those dear little hands of hers; and it may incline her to hasten the moment for that interview she has promised me. I wish she would consent to be mine at once, and let me bear her to Aquas Dolces—away from these masquerading and mysterious proceedings, which are becoming more and more intolerable to me."

The note—the first and last he was ever to receive, according to old Dan—had been couched in terms that positively forbade any such hopes as Max was now cherishing. But he comforted himself with the recollection that it was penned before he and Letty came to an understanding—before she had confessed that he would always be dear to her, and vowed never more to doubt him.

Dwelling on these thoughts, he had reascended the cliffs, and was strolling along the top on his way to the Abbey, when he came upon Captain Renton, seated moodily in a jutting crag. The young officer's brows lowered till he looked black as a thunder-cloud when Max appeared in sight; but unheeding this ill-humor his quondam friend took no pains to conceal, the young Californian quietly seated himself at no great distance.

"Will you give me a light?" he asked, taking out his pipe. "I think I can enjoy a whiff after my climb up those rocks. It is a fine coast!"

Captain Renton gave him some vesuvians, and coldly assented to the remark; then rose, shook himself, and began moving away, as if he was inwardly determined not to accept such companionship.

"Don't go yet, Ren——; you owe me an apology——"

"A what?" and the Captain came back with clenched fists.

But Max went on coolly enough, "An apology, and I owe you in return an explanation."

"The one you will never have!" he was angrily told; "and the other comes too late!"

"Nonsense!" cried sturdy Max. "You are no Englishman if you refuse to listen to the truth; and you are no gentleman, Captain Renton, if you deny me an opportunity for exonerating myself from the charges you made against me the other night."

"Was this speech conned in the library last evening?" he was sarcastically asked. "Has your exculpation been arranged for you?"

Max smiled.

"On the contrary; if he had been troubled with an excess of vanity, the interview to which you were a witness would have terribly mortified me, for I learned before it was half over, what, by-the-by, I have long suspected, that you are a luckier fellow than you deserve to be."

"Explain yourself, Mr. Haveryng; or is this intended as a fresh insult?" demanded the indignant Renton.

"I mean that if you had not permitted yourself to be too easily deceived by appearances, you would have comprehended all along that Miss Haydon and I are friends—cousins—nothing more."

Captain Renton dashed his cigar over the cliffs, and laughed bitterly.

"*Friends*, who whisper together, who hold set meetings, who have no eyes, no ears, no thoughts for anyone but each other? Thanks for the information. Did Miss Haydon bid you bring it to me? Am I to congratulate her on the friendship of such an *honorable* man as yourself?"

"I hope that you will do so when you know me better," said Max, composedly. "Until I am conscious of having degraded myself by some mean or base act, I do not think that Eleanor will withdraw her kindly regard for me.

"If you do not wish me to strike you to the earth," exclaimed his exasperated auditor, "do not breathe that name again in my hearing!"

"Pshaw!" retorted Max, good-humoredly; "what is the use of all this tall talk? I neither intend to quarrel with nor fight you. In fact, after this morning, I am quite ready to promise that I will not intrude myself upon you, but go to St. Erne, and remain there as long as you choose to stay at the Abbey."

"Was this arrangement planned also?" he was asked, with a distrustful glance.

"No; it is my own idea entirely. Only sit down, and let me tell my story in my own way, and then, if you still choose to find fault with me, why, so be it. I shall have done my best to undeceive you; and if you persist in being obstinate and wrong-headed, I cannot help it!"

Ashamed of the violence that had so little effect on the imperturbable Californian, Captain Renton resumed his seat, and lit another cigar. If he must hear what his successful rival had to say, why, better to get it over and have done with it.

Much to his surprise, Max took up his narrative from the moment in which they parted at the West End hotel. He told how the name of Penruan Abbey, when mentioned by Renton himself, had awakened some reminiscences, and he produced the old pocket-book of his father, which he had searched till he found the entries in which John Penruan was mentioned.

Passing rapidly over his early rambles in Cornwall, and endeavors to find the friends of his father's boyhood, he proceeded to relate his first visit to the Abbey, his fall from the cliffs, and discovery, as he lay at the foot insensible, by Letty and Dan Calynack.

Then his tale was no longer hurried over. With all a lover's tenderness he dwelt upon the beauty and goodness of the Lily of St. Erne; and though he said nothing of the mystery surrounding her, but left his hearer to infer that she was actually the young widow she represented herself, he did not hesitate to avow that he had given his heart away to this fair flower, before he beheld Eleanor of Penruan.

"But such a match would be beneath you!" exclaimed Charlie Renton, who had become intensely interested.

"Why?—because she calls herself a fisherman's niece? Let me tell you that there is a rugged honesty and nobility about Dan Calynack that makes one proud to take him by the hand. Letty is a lady by nature; what care I if she cannot boast of a long pedigree? And once back at Aquas Dolces, who would know whether my pretty English bride were peeress or peasant?"

STRANGE REVELATIONS.

"It seems, however, that since you transferred yourself from the cottage to Penruan Abbey, you have wavered in your allegiance," said Renton, remembering his jealous suspicions.

"On my soul, I have not; nor would Miss Hayden have accepted my suit if I had been so hypocritical as to proffer it. Bah, man! where are your eyes? Does a woman who loves admit a man into such familiar intimacy as she permits to me? never blushing when he touches her hand, nor hesitating to talk to him precisely as she would to her father or her brother? When she confessed to me last evening that she had been in agonies all day lest we were disputing, were her fears for me? No, no! If you had knocked all the breath out of my body, as you threatened to do, she would have been too thankful for your escape, and too proud of your prowess, to have much pity to spare for my bruises."

"But she met you in the library. I heard the whisper that carried you there," retorted Charlie, but half convinced.

"Yes; that she might lay her royal commands on me not to offend her hero. What is there amiss betwixt you and Eleanor? Don't take offence at the question, there's a good fellow, nor fancy that I wish to interfere with what does not concern me; but, if you love each other as I believe you do, what keeps you apart?"

"What indeed?" sighed the Captain, now wholly unbending. "I cannot tell. In my boyhood, her father encouraged us to like each other; and, though I lost sight of the family for some years after they left India, and Mr. Haydon died, yet, when I returned to England with my regiment, Eleanor gave me the warmest of welcomes. Neither does Mr. Penruan look coldly on me, though I am free to confess that I have nothing to live on but my pay, and, therefore, am no match for an heiress."

"Mr. Penruan does not seem to care who takes his stepdaughter off his hands," muttered Max. "He is a most incomprehensible sort of an old gentleman."

"You are not doing him justice," he was vehemently assured. "Mr. Penruan may love money; I do not deny that; but under his harsh exterior he hides kind and generous emotions."

"Very glad to hear you say so," Max commented. "I began to have some doubts about it, myself."

"Then let me give you an instance of his good feeling," cried Renton, eagerly. "When I first came down to the Abbey, I did not consider myself justified in acknowledging my affection for Eleanor until I had frankly acquainted her stepfather with the state of my heart. Instead of sneering at my presumption and forbidding me to see her again, he not only heard me with patience, but confessed that if he were in my place, he should not let her fortune frighten me away. He said that in my wandering life, it would of course be quite a blessing to have such a creature as Eleanor or beside me, and plainly intimated that if she chose to become my wife, I need not fear any opposition from him."

"Very good of my excellent kinsman, really!" said Max, sarcastically. "The only thing that detracts from my admiration of his generosity is the fact that he has said much the same to me!"

"Then it must be as I suspected," the Captain moodily replied. "She has transferred her affections to you, and has won him over to her way of thinking."

"I do not believe it. Nay, I am positive that you are wrong. Eleanor Haydon warned me in the frankest manner, that I must not be persuaded into making love to her, and I never have. Mr. Penruan's motives for what he does and says are mysteries to me; but I'm ready to stake my life on the good faith and honest dealing of the young lady."

"But you saw how she received me. Can you assure me that her manner was only assumed to conceal some pique, and that she may be persuaded to become mine?"

The eager face of Max began to cloud. No; he could not give the required assurance, for had not Eleanor herself tearfully declared that she could never, never give her hand to Charles Renton?

"By San Jago!" he exclaimed, vexedly; "it is ill meddling with what does not concern one in this country, for every affair that I have been mixed up with has proved a tangled coil that defied me to unravel. When I have said that I am certain Eleanor loves you I must pause, for I am as much in the dark as to the cause of her coldness as you can be. Go to her boldly, man, and learn it from her own lips."

But Renton did not rise from his despondent attitude.

"It is useless. I have done so more than once, but to no purpose. I came here to seek to win the old kind looks from her eyes—to hear her speak my name as she used to do, but in vain. Always the same chilling reception, always the same regrets that I persist in wasting my time in these visits; till at last, maddened and despairing, I resolve to depart, and vow that I will do my best to forget her. But some relenting whisper when we are parting, some mournful yet tender glance, always revives the belief that she still loves me, and this belief strengthens instead of failing with absence. And so I come here again, and yet again, to endure the same alternation of hopes and fears; to think her at one moment the most heartless of coquettes, yet at the next to ask myself if there is not some reason for her conduct, which I ought to learn before I condemn her."

"It must be a very miserable way of going on," said Max, sympathetically; "and were I in your place, I should not rest till I had searched to the bottom of the matter."

"You speak as if that were easy to do; as if I had but to remonstrate with a capricious girl, and prevail upon her to tell me her secret thoughts. But it is not so. When I press Eleanor on the subject, she either bursts into tears, and flies my presence, or else haughtily reminds me that she has already declared we can never be united and insists that I shall cease to persecute her."

"And you throw yourself into a jealous rage, there is a tableau, and the curtain falls! *Ay, de mi*, and I know not how to advise you, except that, were I in your place, I would persevere."

"Have you any reason for saying this?" asked Charlie, catching like a drowning man at a straw. "Has Eleanor said anything that induces you to give me this encouragement?"

Max shook his head.

"This is a house of secrets, and I am in no one's; neither am I the wisest of counsellors for a lover hot-headed enough already to run a tilt with every one who gets in his way."

Captain Renton held out his hand.

"I have not used you well by my suspicions, Mr. Haveryng, but you must forgive me; for such anxiety as I have been enduring during the last few months makes a fellow ill-natured and distrustful against his will."

Max took the hand extended to him, and gripped it cordially.

"Eleanor bade me persuade you to accompany me to California when I return. What say you to appearing as if you acquiesced in the plan? Perhaps the thought that you are leaving her forever may throw her off her guard, and give you the advantage you seek."

The advice was considered good. Captain Renton had suffered so much through Eleanor Haydon's inexplicable conduct, that he would not be sorry to turn the tables upon her, if it were possible.

"Nay," he exclaimed, firmly, "I will not only say I intend leaving England, but I will positively be the companion of your voyage, if you will put up with me. It is degrading myself to come here, urging a suit to which I obtain nought but denials. Eleanor shall either consent to be mine, or I will try whether in change of scene, I cannot forget her."

Max applauded the resolution; and Renton was striding away to carry it into effect, when the sound was heard of horse's hoofs, and Eleanor came cantering along the cliffs on the back of the restive brute she denominated Ursa Minor.

With much difficulty, she reined him in as she drew near the gentlemen; and Captain Renton, seeing how troublesome the horse appeared, would have gone to its head, but she sharply bade him keep back.

"Thanks for your good intentions, sir; but my steed is like his mistress—he will not brook any interference," she cried, saucily.

"And his mistress must be mad to ride him along these dangerous heights!" retorted the blunt Max.

"*Merci, monsieur!*" was the gay reply. "That speech of yours imples a confession that I am not without brains, although they may not be as thoroughly under control as they ought. And now I'll tell you, in my own defence, that Ursa Minor is more afraid of falling over the cliffs than I am. You shall see how, when I urge him to the brink of them, he shudders and retreats."

"For goodness sake, Eleanor!" ejaculated Captain Renton, growing white with dread as the daring girl rode to the very edge of the rocks.

"There is no danger," she said, smiling and bending towards him, as he sprang forward, and grasped her reins. "This ill-conditioned palfrey of mine will be manageable for an hour when I have thoroughly frightened him."

"And me! Have you no pity for the alarm you are inflicting on me?" asked Renton, so tenderly, that, with a blush, she raised herself to her former erect posture, and turned her head towards Max.

"Cousin mine, the first civility you paid me was searching for my whip. Will you repeat the kind act? I must have dropped it at no great distance."

Max went immediately to seek for it, and as he came back she rode to meet him, whispering, with suppressed eagerness, as soon as she was near enough, "Well, you are friends, ain't you? Oh, good Max, I cannot thank you sufficiently! And he—what did he say? You have quite disabused him of his foolish notions?"

"Certainly. I have hinted my conviction that Miss Haydon's heart was given away before she had the felicity of beholding me."

"How absurd—how wrong to tell him this!" cried the young lady, coloring and smiling. "Did you obey my injunctions? Did you invite him to go away with you?"

"I did; but were I in his place, I should not do so, until I knew why my affections were so wantonly played with by the lady of my love?"

"Played with—wantonly!" Eleanor repeated, her eyes flashing with resentment. But the next minute they were streaming with tears, and ere Max could apologize for the offence he had given, she had smartly whipped her horse, and was dashing along the road at a pace that left both the young men in terror for her safety.

CHAPTER XVI.

DOWN THE CHIMNEY OR THROUGH THE KEY-HOLE.

She met them at dinner, radiant with smiles, and looking so charming in her demi-toilette, that Max was not surprised at the infatuation Charley Renton evinced for this lovely but inscrutable girl; a girl far more difficult to understand than even Letty, for, unlike the latter, she appeared to be endowed with all that should have made her life a happy one.

She had had a delightful ride, she told them, and brought Ursa Minor back to his stable so tired, and in consequence so tractable, that the grooms scarcely knew him.

"He will break your neck, some day, and then there will be an end to your wild freaks!" the Squire observed coarsely, as he helped his lady to some fish.

"I hope not, sir, for your sake!" Eleanor sarcastically replied. "I know how deeply you would mourn my loss, and what an expense it would be to you to put the servants in black!"

Mrs. Penruan dropped her fork, and evinced hysterical symptoms.

"If you two will persist in saying such horrid things to each other," she sobbed, "I know I shall be seized with spasms or convulsions! It's very cruel of you, Eleanor, when you know how fond I am of turbot, and that I shall not be able to touch a bit, and all through your dreadful speeches!"

"Pray go on with your dinner, mamma," said the young lady; "I would not spoil your enjoyment of turbot on any account. I forgot that you were here when I spoke."

"You are very considerate all at once!" muttered Mr. Penruan, spitefully. "It isn't often that you profess to care who is annoyed by your ill-bred attempts to be witty at my expense!"

"Yes," was the reply; "I must admit that I am not an apt scholar, or you, sir, would have taught me long since not to say what I think so readily!"

After this little sparring match, there was an awkward silence, till a melon was placed on the table with the dessert, which drew from Max some remark relative to the fruits of his native soil.

"Splendid country, America!" said the Squire, sententiously. "Plenty of money to be made there! That's the place for young men of enterprise and energy!"

"I hope you are right, sir, though I have heard the remark contested," Charley Renton exclaimed; "for I have serious thoughts of accepting a friend's invitation, and trying my own fortune there."

"Dear me, Charlie! do you mean this?" cried Mrs. Penruan, with dilated eyes. "Going to America! Do you hear what he says, Eleanor? Why, I always thought——"

"You are spilling your wine, mamma! Shall I peel an apricot for you? her daughter hastily interposed, with a glance which, though the obtuse lady could not understand, told her that she had made a mistake, and must be silent. She, therefore, said no more, but relieved her mind by sighing and groaning every time there was a break in the conversation.

Mr. Penruan seemed greatly interested in the plans of his guest, questioning him upon them till the young man, who had not formed any, grew quite confused, in spite of the prompting of Max, who sat opposite.

At last the Squire turned suddenly to his step-daughter. "Eleanor, we have not heard your opinions on this new scheme! What do you say about it?"

For a moment her voice failed her, but she quickly regained composure. "What can I say, except that it appears an excellent one? I have always thought that Captain Renton was capable of better things than sauntering about the streets of a garrison town, or drilling raw recruits, or playing at mimic war as I have seen our soldiers doing at Aldershott."

"Would you prefer to see me engaged in real warfare?—doing my best to get rid of an arm or a leg?" asked Charlie, with affected jocularity.

"No, indeed; but I always fancy that a soldier's life in times of peace must be monotonous and unsatisfactory. The new States of America will surely afford better opportunities for employing your abilities."

"Yes," said the young officer, stung into bitterness by the indifference with which she spoke, "I may renounce every hope I once cherished, and bid my native country an eternal farewell, to become in another land a soured, moody, discontented man. But what matters that if I amass money, keep out of the way of everyone who considers me a bore, and don't trouble my acquaintances in England with too many letters?"

"Your friends at Penruan will always rejoice to hear of your welfare," Eleanor gently told him; and the young man bowed low.

"Thanks, Miss Haydon, for this unexpected token of interest in my future. I suppose you mean that if I neither get killed by an Indian on the way, nor leave my bones to bleach on the prairie, I may be permitted to drop a line occasionally. Perhaps you think it will amuse us both to recall old times, when the Atlantic lies between us? Such reminiscences will not affect your spirits—will they?"

"I wish you would send me some nice ostrich feathers," Mrs. Penruan languidly interposed. "I should like the pale blue best, if you could get a bird of that color."

Max nearly exploded into a laugh at the notion of blue ostriches, but Eleanor and the Captain were too much in earnest to heed the interruption.

"Yes," said the former, with a forced smile; "it will, as you say, be very amusing, when we have both grown older and wiser, to recall some of our youthful follies. Of course you will go to Aquas Dolces, and

my cousin will introduce you to all the dark-eyed donnas of his acquaintance; and you will learn to dance boleros and fandangos, Captain Renton; and then you will remember, with no little amusement, how horror-stricken you were when you found me practicing those dances."

"I am afraid I shall remember too many events that it would be more prudent to forget," said Renton, with a sigh so profound that, in spite of herself, Eleanor Haydon changed color, and her voice began to falter.

"You think so just now," she told him; "but presently, when you have overcome feelings that, although they do honor, must not be cherished—then—yes, then—you will be glad—you will agree with me that—that——"

She suddenly broke down, and, rising from the table, hurried from the room.

Captain Renton caught a glimpse of her troubled face; and sprang up to follow, but with an imperious gesture, she forbade it; and when he would have persisted, Eleanor swiftly passed through the nearest door and turned the key, thus preventing any further pursuit.

"How thoughtless the child is!" complained Mrs. Penruan, whose grapes had been upset by her daughter's hasty movements; "and so strangely contrary! Only yesterday, when I was saying how like old times it seems to have Charlie here, she snapped me up so sharply that I had the headache for hours, and now she is in tears at the idea of his going away!"

The distress Eleanor had not been able to conceal, was balm to the wounded spirits of her lover, who, while he would fain have assuaged her grief, could not but rejoice that it was for him. But Max, who, as a looker on, saw more of the game, was less struck by the young lady's emotion, than the effect it produced on Mr. Penruan.

The keen, deeply-set eyes of the silent Squire had watched both the young people during their conversation, and, finally, rested on Eleanor, as she speeded away, with ill-concealed exultation. No pity for her tears moved his cold heart; on the contrary, it was as if he rejoiced to see her in such straits that she must either submit to see Captain Renton expatiate himself on her account, or consent to be his.

Could it be because he felt a real liking for the young officer? And if so, why had he urged Max to endeavor to win his fair step-daughter? The question was a perplexing one.

Presently, Mrs. Penruan accepted Captain Renton's arm, and went back to her invalid-looking couch in the drawing-room, leaving the Squire and his young kinsman together. It was a propitious moment for testing the true state of his host's feelings on the subject that engrossed him; and Max, therefore, made the following observation:—

"Miss Haydon left us abruptly, and was evidently in distress. Can she be *fretting* over Renton's determination?"

"Are you jealous?" he was asked in return. "Pooh! Nell and the lad have known each other ever since they were babies; such instances rarely end in matrimony. At the same time, if you are wise, you will look after your own interests. Charles Renton is a handsome young fellow, and an officer; and ladies think as much of the red coat as of the wearer!"

"True; and, therefore, I should have no chance against him."

"I don't know that," the Squire promptly replied; "girls are whimsical, and Eleanor has liked you from the first."

"But, seriously, my cousin, would you consent to give your beautiful step-daughter to either of us, seeing that we have our fortune to make, and are in no way her equals in worldly advantages?"

"Pshaw! my dear boy, how you harp upon those scruples of yours! Do you really think that this spoiled child will permit anyone to bias her choice, or prevent her marrying when and whom she pleases?"

"But she is not of age; she has guardians, has she not?"

"Yes," was the slow reply; "I am one of Eleanor Haydon's guardians, and her mother is the other."

"Am I, then, to understand that neither you nor Mrs. Penruan would oppose her union with Captain Renton or myself?" Max plainly asked.

The Squire laughed softly, and rubbed his hands together.

"Oppose Eleanor! Are you dreaming? Would she listen if we did? Ought we not to be very thankful if she set her affections on some honorable, well-born young man, who will be a good husband to her? And, now I have answered all your questions, suppose you answer mine. What do you intend doing? Giving up the field to Renton? Your chances are equal—yes, your chances are equal."

"But which of us do you incline to favor, Mr. Penruan?" his companion demanded.

But the Squire only shook his head, laughed more odiously than before, and declaring that he never interfered in such delicate matters, went away to his study, leaving Max to cogitate over his queer sayings.

"I cannot understand him at all," the young man said, after long deliberation. "This much is evident—that he is eager to get Eleanor off his hands; but why? If he wishes her to marry, why does he not carry her to London, where she would have a fair chance of doing so? It is neither for my sake nor Renton's that he so insidiously urges us too woo her. And we are two simpletons, who are no match for this crafty gentleman; Charlie, because love blinds him; and I, because I never served an apprenticeship at trickery and deceit. If a man cheated or robbed me, I gave him a thrashing, kicked him out of my way, and thought no more about it; but one must deal differently with clever, ever-smiling John Penruan."

As Max was sauntering from the drawing-room, another thought struck him.

Eleanor—what did she know respecting Mr. Penruan's manœuvres? Was she equally in ignorance of his motives in seeking a husband for her? Had not her contemptuous allusions to him, her openly expressed scorn of his flattering civilities to his young kinsman, often contained hints that he was a double dealer? and though these hints had been enigmatical at the time, Max felt that their explanations might be easy enough, if he could induce the young lady to be frank with him.

He went in search of her as soon as this idea entered his head; but, with every trace of tears carefully effaced, she was at the piano, singing sprightly French chansons to her mother. Captain Renton, angry at her levity, had ensconced himself in a distant corner, with some maps of the Southern States of North America, and chose to appear as indifferent as his capricious mistress.

As soon as Max appeared, she insisted that he should give her another lesson on the guitar, and laughed with forced gaiety at her own mistakes, which were so many that at last her teacher laid his hand on the strings.

"You are not in the cue for music to-night," he told her. "Come out on the terrace for a stroll. I want half-an-hour's serious conversation with you."

"But I am not in a serious mood to-night," she replied, with a pout. "You must propose something more amusing than watching the moon, and pacing solemnly beneath it like two ghosts."

"But I *must* speak with you. I have something of consequence to say to you," he insisted, and she drew herself up haughtily.

"Mr. Havering, when I asked you to be the friend of Captain Renton, I did not think you would so far forget yourself as to alert him in his folly."

"I am not aware that I am doing so. If you think I wish to plead his cause, you are mistaken. What would be the use of it? If you will not listen to the man who loves you, I am sure you will not hear me."

"You are very cruel!" she exclaimed, with quivering lip.

"For what? For counselling Renton to take you at your word, and leave you?"

"No," said Eleanor, stifling a sob. "If you have done this, I thank you; only bid him be prompt in his departure. This miserable period of suspense combines with his reproaching looks to madden me!"

"Let us talk it over when we are not so likely to be observed," urged Max; but she drew away the hand he would have placed on his arm.

"No, no; it is, as you have just observed, useless—quite useless. You ought to know by this time that there are subjects on which I cannot listen to you. Unless you wish to offend me, you will never speak in this strain again."

"But you will grant me the half-hour's quiet conversation I ask? It is of myself I wish to speak, not of Renton."

"To-morrow, then," she said, turning from him.

"But why not to-night?" he pleaded. "I have questions to ask which you alone can answer, and I am impatient for explanations which only you can give."

She looked surprised, but shook her head dissentingly.

"I could not give you a patient hearing to-night. I am *tired* to death! Go and play chess with that forlorn friend of ours; you have nothing to say but what may be postponed until I am in a brighter mood."

Murmuring a little at the caprices of woman, Max obeyed, and between the chess-board and confidential chat, he and Charlie Renton contrived to while the evening away. Eleanor had disappeared as soon as she laid aside the guitar, to return no more.

At the customary early hour, Mr. Penruan lighted his candle, and his guests retired to their chambers; Charlie Renton to pass the hours till daylight distracting himself with conjectures as to the cause of Eleanor's inexplicable behavior; and Max, equally sleepless but far happier, to lie thinking of Letty, and recall those sweet moments when she knelt beside him, looking up in his face, acknowledging that she had wronged him, and pleading with such tender, gracious words for his forgiveness!

A slight creaking noise became audible presently—a noise that made itself heard at no great distance from the head of the huge four-post bed in which the young man was lying. Accustomed to hear the rats scamper along behind the wainscoat, Max took no account of the sound, although it continued to be heard at intervals until it was followed by a slight rustling, like that produced by the movements of a woman clad in silk.

Raising himself on his elbow, he cautiously opened the curtains of his couch, but the night was so dark that he could discern nothing but the dim outlines of a table beneath the window, at which he was accustomed to write or read when in the humor for a little solitary amusement.

Suddenly he rubbed his eyes, and then looked again. Was it fancy that a shadow had fallen betwixt him and the table? and, if he were not mistaken, what could have occasioned it?

The shadow moved, and he held his breath as he watched it; and now it rose higher, and threw upon the white blind the profile of a human face, ere it receded, and was seen no more.

It was no longer an illusion of his own brain. Some one was in the room with him: and Max loudly shouted the inquiry, "Who is there?"

Receiving no answer, he leaped from the bed, lighted his lamp, and searched the apartment carefully, but only to satisfy himself that he was its sole tenant.

The reflection might have been cast on the blind from without, he told himself; and, opening the casement, he peered down into the broad courtyard below. But all there was still as the grave; and, mystified by the occurrence—trivial though it was—he went back to bed.

But lying there, unable to obtain any repose, with his senses so morbidly alive to every sound that even the ticking of his own watch became painfully distinct, became so intolerable, that at last Max rose and dressed himself. He had been sketching his Californian home from memory for Eleanor, and it would amuse him to finish the drawing while waiting for the daylight.

Accordingly, he seated himself at the table beneath the window, and opened the portfolio that lay upon it. The first thing that met his eye was a spray of the maiden's-hair fern, that had most certainly not been there the preceding evening. Beneath it lay a tiny note, directed to himself.

He tore it open. Yes; it was in Letty's graceful handwriting. A couple of lines—no more; but his eyes sparkled joyfully as he read them—

"The bearer of this only permits me to say that to-morrow evening, beside the spring in Trevor Wood, you may find L. R. awaiting you."

When the note had been kissed, read, and re-read, and finally put carefully away in the small pocket-book that Max always carried about him, other sensations began to awaken.

How came this note in his folio? It was not there when he went to bed; therefore it must have been Letty's messenger whose shadow he saw. But how came she there?

His door was locked, precisely as he had left it; and a wild fancy that she might have crept through the panel he had once seen opened, was dispelled directly by the impossibility of any full-grown person squeezing through so narrow an opening.

Still, the facts were incontrovertible. The letter had been entrusted to human hands. It must have found its way hither by human agency, and now he was resolved to discover the route by which its bearer penetrated to his chamber.

As soon as day had fully dawned, the young man commenced his researches, going round and round the wainscoted walls, rapping them, searching for secret springs, and always returning discomfited to the panel on which hung the miniature.

Here, at last, the mystery was solved. There was no hinged door, as he had imagined, but a chance touch disclosed that, from floor to ceiling, the square, of which it formed a part, slid aside sufficiently to enable him to pass through, and unhesitatingly Max sprang through the long-sought opening.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHAT MAX SAW IN THE RUINS.

As soon as the young Californian quitted his room, he found himself in darkness so profound that he was obliged to return for his lamp. With this in his hand, he was able to perceive that the opening admitted him into a long, narrow passage, extending on either hand, and that there were bolts to secure the wainscot in its place, which bolts Letty's messenger must have neglected to fasten when his loud call startled, and induced her to beat a hasty retreat.

But for this omission, her secret would have been safe; and Max debated within himself whether he was justified in taking advantage of it. But curiosity eventually predominated, and, turning to the right, he proceeded to explore the passage.

The end of it was soon reached, and he saw before him a sliding panel, similarly secured to his own. Whither would this lead him? Was he, a hospitably-treated guest at Penruan, justified in prowling about his kinsman's dwelling at daybreak, making explorations that had not received the sanction of its owner? Would it not be more honorable to wait till the Squire arose, and, acquainting him with the discovery of the sliding panel, leave the further prosecution of the search to him?

But, no; this might to be to injure the bearer of the note; to cut off all further communication with Letty, who might have excellent reasons for what she had done; and this suggestion, therefore, was negatived.

Yet, as he stepped softly onward, he was haunted with an unpleasant recollection of the terrible earnestness with which Eleanor Haydon had addressed him in the library. She had told him then, with evident sincerity, that there were shameful secrets in the life of Mr. Penruan—secrets which he, of course, had no right to make any attempt to unveil. Was it not possible that he was now on the brink of penetrating to that part of the house which he had been warned that he must not enter?

But, on the other hand, he was not endeavoring, or, indeed, wishing to learn anything it did not concern him to know. He was but gratifying a very natural desire to discover in what way his chamber was approached by some person who was not, as far as he knew, connected with the Penruan family; and, after a little hesitation, he pushed back the bolts, and slid the wainscot aside.

It moved slowly, as though it had not been stirred for years; but as it gradually gave to the powerful shoulder of Max, he caught the glimpse of a human foot, cased in leather, as if some person had detected his approach, and was standing ready to grapple with him as soon as the opening was wide enough.

It was, therefore, in a defensive attitude that he advanced a step, then retreated again in some confusion. The foot he had discerned was only one of the high boots the Squire donned when he went out riding, and on a chair, close by, were tossed the clothes that gentleman had worn at dinner. Through a half-opened door floated the unmusical sounds of prolonged nasal snores—sufficient proofs, if there had been none other, that the explorer had unwittingly penetrated to the private apartments of his host. Almost afraid to meditate any further discoveries, the half-laughing, half-vexed Max returned towards his own room; but ere he reached it, he had reminded himself that the other portion of the passage was still unexplored, and that it was by this route the female whose shadow he beheld must have departed.

Accordingly he proceeded to traverse the opening that lay on his left, moving slowly and cautiously, and carefully examining the walls as he went. But all was blank and bare until he reached a door that was locked on the other side.

Max knelt down and put his ear to the key-hole; not a sound could be heard. He ventured to tap for admittance, but no one came. Must his adventure end here? Was he never to know more than this, and always be at the mercy of whoever chose to make use of the passage for the purpose of visiting his chamber?

Taking out his pocket-knife he attempted to push back the lock, and, after a while, was successful. The door flew open, and he found himself in a small, square chamber, so peculiar in its arrangements that he was completely mystified.

The boards were so richly carpeted, that the foot sank into the velvet pile, and made no sound; the walls, which were unbroken by window or fire-place, were covered from floor to ceiling with gaily-colored pictures; the fruit-pieces of Lance side by side with groups of bright plumaged birds and flower paintings. But neither landscape nor portrait were here, save one exquisite little miniature of a delicate-looking, middle-aged man, which Max recognised as the *fac-simile* of a likeness of her first husband, which Mrs. Penruan sometimes wore in a locket.

There was no furniture in this room, with the exception of a large pile of silken cushions that lay in disorder in the centre of it. In one corner, broken and dusty, there was a heap of children's toys; in another, a quantity of ribbons of all hues, their gay colors faded as if they had lain there for years. Half hidden amongst the cushions already mentioned, Max discerned a huge folio, which he drew from its concealment, and opened. It was an old edition of "Foxe's Book of Martyrs," with illustrations of the sufferings of those who died for their faith, so hideous that he shuddered as he gazed!

Turning with horror from an engraving of a mother on the rack, whose child a pagan governor was about to dash on the stones at his feet, Max flung down the book, marvelling at the strange circumstance that this was the only volume in this strange room.

His next glance around it showed that it was lighted from above by sashes filled with clouded glass. Besides the door by which he entered, and which the pictures that hung over it concealed as soon as it was closed, there was one other, half glass, as if it led to a court or garden. But it was shuttered from without, locked, and the key was gone; nor were his efforts to open it as successful as they had been with the first one. Here, then, his discoveries must end, and what had he learned? Nothing more than the existence of an oddly arranged apartment, communicating, by means of a long passage, with his own. Whether it was ever occupied, in what part of the Abbey it was situated, and for whom it had been hung with pictures, and carpeted so carefully he could not even surmise.

Baffled and disappointed, he prepared to retrace his steps, reminding himself that ere the day was over he might learn more from the sweet lips of Letty. She at least could tell him to whom she had entrusted her letter, and why it was so secretly delivered.

But as he was about to pass through the doorway, an upward glance showed him that there was a small shelf above it. On this shelf there laid two articles, which some inexplicable feeling impelled him to take down and examine.

The one was a gentleman's riding whip of antique make, the handle plated with tarnished silver, heavily leaded, and encrusted with dark stains, that made Max shake his head gravely as he returned it to its place. The other article was a mass of what looked like unspun silk, but which proved, on closer inspection, to be tresses of soft, fair hair, that appeared as if they had been hastily shorn from the head of a child, knotted together with a piece of ribbon. On these blonde tresses there were the same crimson stains; and, with a chill creeping over him, he knew not why, Max shook off a curl that had twined itself round his fingers, and hastened back to his chamber.

A long, brisk walk, during which he learned from a laborer that Trevor Wood was the identical coppice into which he had tracked the woman Esther, enabled him to shake off all the outward signs of the wakeful nights he had passed. Captain Renton went away after breakfast, to pay farewell calls to some acquaintances, for his resolution to leave England had been strengthened by half a dozen words with Eleanor, whom he was beginning to regard as the most heartless of women. The young lady herself had been weeping when, a couple of hours after his departure, she descended to the morning room to give Max the interview he had requested; but it was only the dark rings around her eyes that betrayed this. With a fortitude Max could not but admire, even while it provoked him, she smiled and chatted on indifferent topics as readily as usual.

"Now, sir," she said, presently, "tell me why you wished to see me, in as few words as possible, for I am in a tremendous hurry. I have neglected all my cottage pensioners since you have been here, and intend to make them a round of visits this very morning."

"You can take me with you, and we will talk as we go," answered Max, who did not feel inclined to discuss Mr. Penruan under his own roof.

"And give occasion for gossip to all the old women in this parish and the next. No thank you, my good cousin! I prefer to pay my charitable calls alone."

"Then let us adjourn to your favorite cave," he urged. "The house is stifling, and we are so liable to be interrupted here."

To this Eleanor agreed, and very few words were spoken until they were seated *vis-a-vis* in the cool grotto. Then, eying her companion closely, she observed, with a half laugh, "You are growing quite mysterious, cousin Max! How is that?"

"I might answer that the atmosphere of Penruan has infected me; but indeed, I did not intend to be cold, only to secure your attention where I feel that I can speak freely, and without any fear of being overheard."

"Why should you fear this?" she inquired.

"Because I may be suspecting a person unjustly, and therefore, should regret to express these suspicions to any ears but yours."

"It is Mr. Penruan to whom you allude. Are you beginning to find him out?" Eleanor demanded, with suppressed eagerness.

"I do not know," was the dubious reply. "It pains me to be obliged to think ill of any one; especially a relative, who has shown me some kindness."

Eleanor's lip curled scornfully, but she did not speak, and Max went on with increasing earnestness and gravity.

"If, in my thoughts, I do him injustice, put aside your own prejudices, and help me to know him better. You don't know what it is to come to the land of your fathers, to find only one friendly hand extended in welcome; and then have your grateful sense of this solitary kindness marred by a dread that the person who offers it is not playing fair."

"It is the way of the world," Eleanor said, with a sigh. "Everyone pursues their own course, careless who suffers by it."

"It is not my way!" Max sturdily retorted. "I am growing quite confused by the tangled threads that cross my path wherever I turn. We have our faults in California; we are hot and quarrelsome and boorish; but we have no concealments, no cross purposes, in what we say and do. Even our women, if they coquette a while, and will not say, 'I love you' with their lips, avow it with their eyes, and do not drive a faithful heart to despair."

Eleanor put up her finger warningly.

"You are transgressing, sir; you promised to speak only of yourself."

"And *you*," Max added. "Well, then, to my questions, and I pray you to give me straightforward answers, or none at all."

"The subject—if it embraces the dealings of Mr. Penruan—will be such a crooked one," she commented, "that I must not promise too much. But to this I will pledge myself—to give no coloring of my own to the acts of my step-father. You shall have plain, hard truth, and nothing more."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COUSIN PERCY'S DOUBLE.

FROM A LADY'S SCRAP-BOOK.

Just on the outskirts of a large Suffolk village, there stands a little back from the road, amid some tall wide-spreading elm trees, an old-fashioned house, wherein do eat, drink, sleep, and exist the Miss Grimwoods, three elderly unwedded females of a shrunk up and withered appearance, who represent with great credit that class of human beings known—in somewhat expressive language—as the "stuck-up persons."

The Miss Grimwoods were very precise and particular in their way of saying and doing things, for fear they should appear "low" and "impolite," and too much like the "common people" to be regarded with that respect which their great wealth and small brains ought (judging from the way such things usually are) to confer upon them.

One pleasant day in June, the three old maids sat together in a large bay-window that commanded an unlimited view of the gravelled walk, leading down between two rows of trees to the road, and the road itself that wound its way towards the village faintly seen in the distance.

"Elmira, my love," murmured the eldest Miss Grimwood to the next younger, with an air of indolence and languor that was supposed to be fashionable.

"Yes, my dear," said Elmira, with a weary sigh, as if it cost her a great effort to speak at all.

"Do you suppose Cousin Percy will come down to see us this summer? You know we haven't seen him for four or five years, and I've heard he is exceedingly stylish, and polite, and so gentlemanly—I do wish he would."

"I don't know, my love," replied Elmira; "I wrote him an invitation nearly ten days ago, but have received no reply. I do wish he would come, he is so wealthy, and handsome, and——"

"And has such a lovely moustache, Amelia wrote," said the younger sister who affected to be sentimental.

"Cornelia," said Elmira, with a slight frown, "how often must I remind you that you must not interrupt while I am speaking? It's low and vulgar. As I was about to remark, I hope our Cousin Percy will come; for he will make such a nice match for you, and you can get him if you are only stylish and agreeable."

"And have our assistance," added the eldest Miss Grimwood, with a precise air of superior wisdom.

"Yes," assented Elmira, with a bow, "and have our assistance."

Miss Cornelia simpered, and hid her face in her handkerchief, and tried to blush, but failed completely. After this, the three, having exhausted their stock of ideas, became lost in an absorbing reverie, thinking about nothing.

"I declare!" said the eldest sister, suddenly arousing herself from the state of imbecility into which she had fallen, and gazing out down the walk to the gate, through which a young man, evidently "one of the common people," was just coming,—"I declare!—what is that vulgar man coming into our premises for? Go ask the fellow what business he has to intrude on our private grounds, sister Cornelia."

"Oh, oh!" said the delicate young lady addressed, almost thrown into convulsions by the monstrosity of such a proposition; "I—I can't. He's so ragged!"

"I suppose it is hardly proper that you should be seen speaking to such a common person," said the eldest, with a great deal of importance; "but what can we do? Our livery-servant is not at home, the cook is busy, the housemaid is a coward; and if the man keeps on, he will actually come upon our front steps. Dear me! I do wish these low people would know their places!"

After a great deal of talk, it was finally decided that—owing to the extreme urgency of the case—all three should go out and accost the man, and ascertain what business it was that made him presume to defile the grounds of the Grimwoods with his loathsome presence. Accordingly, the three arose, and with a very stiff and precise appearance—that the man might be at once impressed with a due respect for their importance—stalked out upon the terrace in Indian file, just as the stranger reached the steps that led up into the house.

"The impudence and boldness of these lower classes exceeds our most credulous belief, sister Elmira," said the eldest sister, in a loud, shrill key, that was, of course, perfectly audible to the ears of the man for whom it was indirectly intended.

"Certainly, my love; you are quite right," said Elmira, with a glance of contempt at the stranger. "They are very unmannerly and impolite, I am sure."

"And—and—ragged," said Cornelia, the youngest, with a little simper, and glancing at the clothes worn by the man. "Oh, dear! ain't it awful?"

"I think they should be summarily ejected from the grounds of those who are their superiors, when they have no better taste than to intrude," said Elmira, disdainfully.

"What do you come here for, man?" said the oldest sister, sharply to the stranger.

A sarcastic smile rested upon the face of the handsome young man—for he was handsome, for all the rags—as those various little opinions were hurled at him; and in reply to the question, he produced a letter, and held it toward her at arm's length. Miss Elmira ventured to take the extreme corner of it daintily between her thumb and forefinger; and, as the other Misses Grimwood gathered around with eager curiosity to see to whom it was directed, the stranger glanced at them for an instant from beneath his slouched hat, keenly, sharply, and shrewdly, as if he were better acquainted with them than they were aware of, and then turned to depart.

"Here, fellow," said the eldest Miss Grimwood, tossing a half-crown piece at him; "take that, and go away, do."

The piece of silver fell directly in the path of the young man, who spurned it aside with his foot, and continuing his way to the gate, soon disappeared in the direction of the village.

"I declare," said the eldest sister, as they returned into the house, "if that low person ain't awfully impertinent! Refused the money I gave him! How dare he do it? Who is the letter from, Elmira, my love?"

"Dear me!" said Elmira, who had been eager in its perusal; "if it ain't from our dear Cousin Percy! It is dated from the village, at which he says he has just arrived, and says he will be here in about two hours. Do run to the window, sister Cornelia, and see if he is not almost here. It is about time. Oh, how pleased I am!"

The young sister did as requested, and after a long and eager look down the road, returned to report that no one was in sight—whereat the eldest rang the bell, and ordered the housemaid who answered it to tell the cook immediately to prepare a "sumptuous feast," suitable to the position and wealth of the expected guest. After this, the Misses Grimwood—concealing their excitement and impatience, for fear it might be "low" to evince such human feelings—sat like three icebergs in the centre of the parlor, and frigidly awaited for the coming of their dear Cousin Percy.

In due time a magnificent carriage, drawn by a pair of splendid black horses, dashed up to the mansion in grand style; and there alighted from it the young gentleman in question, Mr. Percy, dressed in the extreme height of fashion, and displaying the very embodiment of gentility. Of course the Misses Grimwood strove to show him every possible attention and respect, without compromising their self-importance, and over and over again expressed the very great happiness they experienced in welcoming their beloved Cousin Percy to Grove Place—as the residence of the Grimwoods were called by them.

The wealthy and genteel Percy, however, did not seem to enter into the enthusiasm exhibited by his fair cousins in the manner they wished, and had been led by their own vanity to expect; but, on the contrary, he returned their salutations in as indifferent a way as he very well could, and still not be ungentlemanly.

We purpose to let slip by unrecorded the unimportant events that transpired during the first week of Mr. Percy's visit, and narrate the particulars of an occurrence that took place the day before he took his departure from the abode of the Grimwoods, and which is very important in the story, as it not only changes the entire hopes and prospects of the three old maids, but also develops into a fact a suspicion the reader may have entertained regarding Mr. Percy.

The two elder of the Misses Grimwood had been "laying their heads together," ever since the advent of their cousin at Grove Place, the capture of the heart, the hand, the fortune of the genteel and agreeable Percy for their younger and more handsome—it is not saying much—sister Cornelia.

After a discussion that lasted a very long time and in which an immense amount of wisdom was displayed, it was at length decided that the next day (that being the day before Percy's visit was expected to terminate), the two Misses Grimwood should contrive to have Cornelia and her cousin left alone together for a sufficient length of time for him to propose, she to accept, and the day settled between them when the happy ceremony that would make them husband and wife was to transpire. To make as sure a thing of it as possible, Miss Cornelia was called in and given a great many instructions how to act, and what to say by the elder Misses Grimwood, who, having been engaged for the last fifteen years in a fruitless endeavor to get married, were eminently qualified to give such advice.

The programme was accordingly carried into effect; and the next day found Cornelia and Percy seated alone together in the arbor side by side under as favorable circumstances for popping the question as probably have ever been recorded in the history of any love-making.

"What a lovely day it is, Cousin Percy!" said Cornelia, glancing sideways at the young man. "The gale wafts to my nose the smell of flowers, and—and—and how sweetly the hens cackle! It seems just like the day you came. What made you send such an outlandish, ragged fellow with your letter, dear Percy? he was horridly vulgar."

"Indeed!" said Percy, politely. "What did he do or say, pray?"

"What a question, Percy, for you to ask! Why, he was ragged, and so, of course, was no gentleman. But let us not talk about it—it's so awful. Let us converse about something else."

"Well," said Percy, calmly, "what shall it be—love?"

"Love!" repeated Cornelia, as coquettishly as her age would permit. "Ain't your ashamed of yourself to call me love? Oh, dear Percy, I am not your love, am I?"

"No," said Percy, smiling slightly to himself; "you are not."

This reply, so different from what she hoped, somewhat disconcerted Miss Grimwood at first; however, she soon rallied, and came again to the charge.

"And must you leave to-morrow, dear Percy?" she said, drawing nearer and accidentally (of course) laying her hand on his. "Must this parting be so soon? Must the cords that have united us in—in our friendship be severed by the knife of absence, oh, dear Percy?"

"They must," said Percy, with a stoicism against all these blandishments that would have done credit to a Red Indian.

Miss Cornelia felt that something desperate must be performed, or her chances for getting Percy's hand—and consequently his fortune, which was, of course, the chief point to be gained—would fall through. A little right management at the proper time might effect her object; while, on the other hand, a slight error in speech or manner might ruin her entire hopes and prospects. It was a delicate point and she felt it.

"Cousin Percy?" said she, looking at him tenderly.

"Well?" said Percy.

"Your company is very agreeable."

"Is it?" said Percy, calmly.

"Yes, it is very agreeable to me, dear Percy."

"Ah!" said Percy.

Miss Grimwood was almost in despair.

"Cousin Percy!" she said, desperately.

"Well?"

"Do you think it wrong for cousins—not second cousins, but cousins like you and me—to get married, dear Percy?"

"That will do!" said Percy, sharply.

"What?" said Cornelia, startled at the words and manner of her companion.

"That will do!" repeated Percy. "You needn't pop the question!"

Miss Grimwood was dumb. She could not have spoken a word then had her life depended upon it.

"You needn't pop the question," said Percy, "because I am too 'horridly vulgar' to suit your taste!"

"Why, what do you mean?" said Cornelia, burying her face in her handkerchief, with a sulvel.

"I mean," said Percy, rising and standing before her, "that I am the poor, ragged fellow that brought my letter announcing my coming. If you treated me meanly then, you must now. I disguised myself on purpose to try you and your sisters. I see what you are. I shall leave Grove Place to-morrow, never to return. What is more, I am going to marry a poor girl, who is not worth a shilling; but she is beautiful, pure and good, and I will plainly inform you that you and your sisters are not fit to touch the hem of her dress. Good day!"

He bowed with cold dignity, and walked out of the arbor toward the house.

Miss Cornelia Grimwood gave utterance to a piercing shriek that would have established the reputation of a steam whistle for all time to come; and rolling off from the seat on the ground, she "fainted" away just as her two sisters (who had been trying to ascertain how their scheme worked by listening to the entire conversation outside the arbor) came rushing forward to render her assistance. The two Misses Grimwood fell upon their knees before their prostrate sister, chafed her hands and limbs, sprinkled cold water in plentiful quantities over her face, poked straws up her nose, bewailed loudly that she was dead, and, in short, performed many other feats of a like nature, with the avowed purpose of "bringing her to."

They desisted, however, when they were sure that Percy was out of sight and hearing; and Cornelia, raising herself on her elbow in a most remarkable manner for one in her supposed condition, and gazing around, said, "Is—is he gone?"

"Yes, my love," murmured the two old maids, in the same breath. "You can get up now, and if he comes back, you can faint away again. Cruel man!"

We will bring our narration to a speedy close, by stating that Mr. Percy left Grove Place the next day, and was never more seen in that vicinity. Within three months after the unsuccessful assault of the three old maids on his affections and his purse, he married the poorest girl (in a pecuniary sense) in all Suffolk, but one who was the richest in gentleness, purity, and virtue, and all the attractions that contribute to make home the nearest to paradise of anything on earth.

The three Misses Grimwood still reside at Grove Place; and, although they did not soon forget the mortifying lesson that Percy taught them, they are as aristocratic as ever, never seeming to have learned the fact that hidden beneath ragged clothes may be found true nobility, and that gold does not always glisten, neither are diamonds found without digging in the dirt.

TIME AND MONEY.—Many people take no care of their money till they have come nearly to the end of it; and others do just the same with their time. Their best days they throw away—let them run like sand through their fingers, as long as they think they still have an almost countless number of them to spend; but when they find their days flowing rapidly away, so that at last they have very few left, then they will at once make a very wise use of them; but unluckily, they have by that time no notion how to do it.

Why will They do It?

The women we mean. Why will they use chalk, powders, and other face preparations that are more or less injurious when they can so easily get a perfectly harmless toilet, one that has been chemically analyzed by the Metropolitan Board of Health, and pronounced to be harmless and entirely free from anything injurious by some of the most eminent physicians of New York city.

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FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

Summer is fading; the broad leaves that grew
So freshly green when June was young are fading;
And all the whisper-haunted forest through
The restless birds in saddened tones are calling
From rustling hazel copse and dangled dell:
"Farewell, sweet summer,
Fragrant, fruity summer,
Sweet farewell!"

Upon the windy hills in many a field,
The honey-bees hum slow above the clover,
Gleaning the latest sweets its blooms may yield,
And, knowing their glad harvest time is over,
Sing, half a lullaby and half a knell:
"Farewell, sweet summer,
Honey-laden summer,
Sweet farewell!"

The little brook that babbles 'mid the ferns,
O'er twisted roots and sandy shallows playing,
Seems fain to linger in its gilded turns,
And with a plaintive, purling voice is saying,
Sadder and sweeter than my song can tell:
"Farewell, sweet summer,
Warm and dreamy summer,
Sweet farewell!"

The cruel breeze sweeps down the whistling lane,
With gold and crimson leaves before it flying;
Its gusty laughter has no sound of pain,
But in the lulls it sinks to gentle sighing,
And mourns the summer's early broken spell:
"Farewell, sweet summer,
Rosy, blooming summer,
Sweet farewell!"

So bird and bee and brook and breeze make moan,
With melancholy song their loss complaining;
I, too, must join them, as I walk alone
Among the sights and sounds of summer's waning;
And now, have loved the season passing well
To farewell, summer,
Fair, but faded summer,
Sweet farewell!"

THE HOUSE OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

BY WILLIAM E. FAHY.

CHAPTER I.

A STRANGE FATALITY.

"Bartmorn!"

"Sir!"

"A moment if you please."

I left the desk where I was occupied in writing a few letters to some dear old friends in the "Green Isle of the Sea," when my Chief's voice drew me to his side.

"Do you remember 98 Handcraft street?" queried the Chief, as I stood respectfully awaiting his further orders.

"Oh yes, sir—where the Boston merchant disappeared so mysteriously, about three or four months ago."

"And baffled your acknowledged skill in the art of detection, eh, Bartmorn?" laughingly added the Chief.

"True, sir, true," I replied, a little nettled, for if I have one vice, it is that of an overweening faith in my own powers of tracing up crime and its perpetrators."

"Well, well!" said the Chief, "I see you are sore on that point, but my dear fellow, I do not in reality believe there was anything to detect—so how could you or any one else detect it. But see here, Bartmorn, there seems to be a strange fatality following that house. Out of seven persons living within its walls when it first came under our notice, four have sought the shade of 'No Man's Land,' and every servant has left it, terrified, as they state, by some strange, and to them supernatural appearance in the cellar. I have this information from the former laundry-woman, who is now in my wife's employ."

Before I proceed any further with my strange and startling narrative, and that the reader may have a little light on the subject of the above conversation, I think it but proper to state that four months previously all my skill had been completely baffled in an attempt to discover what I considered *then* a foul and most dastardly murder. Whether or not I was right in my conjecture, the reader will discover by patiently perusing this "o'er true tale" to its end.

It was in this wise, on the 17th of July 18——, a very wealthy shipping merchant of the city of Boston, left his home for C——, the goodly town in which my Chiefs' "Detective Bureau is situated. Now there was not much in that fact, many merchants come here from all parts of the world to transact their business, but when it is known that *this* merchant was known to be "*non compos mentis*," or slightly deranged,—in plain English—and that he carried with him from his home in Boston, the sum of $200,000 in United States Bonds, and that from the time of his arrival at 98 Handcraft street to the present time of which I am writing, not a single clue to his whereabouts could be discovered, I will say that this mysterious disappearance *had* something in it. Now 98 Handcraft street was a "brown stone front;" its occupants of the very highest class of respectability; all its members pious, charitable, and above the shadow of reproach; yet Mr. Kathcairn from Boston, visited his neice at that house on the 21st day of July, was taken there at his own request in the private carriage of the proprietors of the palatial T—— House, *and had never returned*, leaving all his effects in his room. All this I traced up at the request of the Chief, who had been called upon by the Hotel proprietors for two reasons; one was that their bill had not been paid, and the other, that they had found lying on the floor of his room the morning after his departure, a little slip of paper evidently torn from a memoranda book, on one side of which was written—ah—let me see! yes, here it is yet in my vest pocket,—was written just as it now is before the reader's eyes:

ulia— 18th June $200
nry " " Check on C. B. of N. Y. $10,000.
"Oh will I never be rid of these wretched
ople—Will they forever be my curse in
life and my destruction in the ne
Going to

On the other side, evidently while the brain was disturbed, and the nerves tremulous from some cause:—

I loved you girl—I love you still oh my girl,
but if I go ye will kill me—kill me if
is not true to you, dear as I am and ever
go. Oh my God—my head—my head.
Boston, July 17 18——

This strange leaf torn, as I have said, from a memoranda book—and a dispatch seeking the missing gentleman's whereabouts, from his daughter in Boston, in connection with some other information from the proprietors of the T—— House, sent me one fine morning in July to 98 Handcraft street. Just four months ago to-day I walked up the pure white marble steps leading to the rose-wood doors, and pulled the silver bell-knob. I handed my card to the tall and stately "Jeems" who carried it to the mistress of the mansion and in a few moments I was conversing with the lady in one of the most elegantly appointed morning parlors in the city of C——.

I believe in a former number of the Post—my first introduction to an indulgent public—I gave a short synopsis of my personal history. Educated as a gentleman, of course it was perfectly natural for me to be one, even in the presence of such an aristocratic appearing lady as the mistress of 98 Handcraft street. Aristocratic, truly, but as I live, dear reader, no lady—she was "shoddy," that very expressive word which which so clearly draws the line between the *false* and the *true*. A magnificent woman, in personel; tall, stately; of a beautiful, fair complexion, and a bust which would make the heart of a stoical anchorite palpitate to gaze upon—but with all she was vulgar and affected. She was evidently uneasy at my presence, and when I mentioned the name of Mr. Kathcairn, the rose-colored tint of the magnificent window drapery, reflecting on her fair features, did not deny from me the fact that she turned deadly pale.

"I—I—oh—ah—yes—my poor uncle you allude to—I really have not seen him since the night of the 21st of July, when he left my house in perfect health; I hope nothing has happened to him?"

"That is precisely, madam, what I am trying to find out, and I called upon you, knowing the interest you took in him, to aid me in my search."

She again turned deadly pale and trembled.

"I—I really cannot see how I can aid you," she stammered.

"It is my belief, madam," I replied, "that Mr. Kathcairn *never left this house alive*. We have positive information——"

"We—whom, pray?" said the lady, half sneeringly.

"I am a detective, madam, and——"

"A de-tective, and in *my* house!" she almost screamed, and convulsively clenching her hands in her lap till they turned a purplish red.

"Be calm, my dear madam," I replied, "the presence of a gentleman, even though he is a detective, can be no disgrace where there is no guilt."

She made no answer, but glared at me in a strange wild manner. I continued: "you must be aware, my dear madam, that I have said nothing whatever, which you could construe as insulting to yourself; my impression is simply this, that your servants may know something of the whereabouts of Mr. Kathcairn's body. He had in his possession, or rather was supposed to have in his possession, the sum of $200,000 in bonds; *someone* in your house may have become aware of the fact and disposed of him, without your knowledge, to gain possession of it."

"Ah—" said the lady, drawing a long breath of relief.

"I am ordered here, my dear madam," I went on, "to make inquiries by questioning the servants; of course the law gives me no positive right to do so, but as the gentleman was your uncle, of course you must be interested in everything pertaining to his very mysterious disappearance."

"Certainly—certainly, Mr.—ah—"

"Bartmorn," I prompted, bowing politely.

"Mr. Bartmorn—but it is really unnecessary to question my servants, for I am positive of my own knowledge, that my dear uncle left this house on the night of the 21st of July."

"Who let him out?" I politely asked.

"*I did*," she replied.

"Ah, well, of course, that ends the matter," I replied; "and I am really sorry, to have caused you this inconvenience. I will now bid you good morning."

She arose hastily and rang the bell; a servant appeared and in a few moments I was wending my way towards the office. And as I hurried through the thronged streets, I made up that Mrs. Julia Fenton, wife of Henry A. Fenton, Esq., Attorney-at-Law, knew more of the whereabouts of her dear uncle than any one else in the city of C——.

"Bartmorn," said the Chief, as I stood in his sanctum and related my experience. "I dare go no further with this business. These Fentons are of the *bon ton*, and could ruin us. (By-the-by I forgot to state that I was a partner in the "Agency.") "Now if there was the shadow of a chance that we would succeed, why out of compassion to the poor merchant's daughter, who is quite penniless, her unfortunate father having carried with him *all* his capital and his real estate barely paying his debts, why out of pure humanity we *ought* to go ahead, but the chances, my dear fellow, are too strong against us, we would become involved in a law-suit which, if it went against us, would eat up the firm's capital and assets. You are a kind-hearted, clever fellow, and I honor you, but I have an old head which calculates more shrewdly than a young heart. We will drop it now, but at the same time, if you choose, you may devote your spare hours to the elucidation of the mystery."

That ended our conversation for four months, about 98 Handcraft street.

CHAPTER II.

"NO SUCH WORD AS FAIL."

I am by no means a tall man; in fact, I am rather on the short order of the *genus homo*; my complexion is very fair; my features feminine, and my hands and feet very small, and these qualifications induced me to become for a period, a woman, and a very pretty woman, too, as the Chief laughingly remarked as he viewed my metamorphose in the office, one November morning as the soft glow from the anthracite in the grate, dissolved the beautiful crystal designs formed by the finger of "Old Jack Frost," on the previous night.

"I trust you will succeed, Bartmorn," said the worthy Chief, "but I am very dubious."

"No such word as fail in my lexicon, Chief," I said. "Good-bye till we meet again."

A few minutes more and I was standing on the steps of the mansion 98 Handicraft streets. I was a chambermaid with good recommendations, and not to be prolix, I got it. Mrs. Julia Fenton, my mistress, had changed remarkably in four months, the period which had elapsed since I first visited her in my capacity of a detective. Her plumpness and fairness of complexion were as if they had never been, she was now tall, gaunt, angular and sallow, with a stereotyped frown, and an everlasting snarl that was heard through the house from the time she arose in the morning until she retired for the night.

I took my place in the kitchen and was soon on terms of familiarity with my fellow servants all of whom like myself were "new hands at the bellows." No, not all, I must except a half-idiotic old crone, terribly addicted to growling and *gin*, who did all the odd chores, and, when idle, consumed most of her time in smoking an old black clay-pipe by the laundry fire. She had been an inmate of the Fenton establishment for twenty years, and there were strange rumors that she was the guardian of some terrible secret, which, if divulged, would paralyse the world with horror. However, it was a kitchen legend and so long as it is confined to that classic region, sensible people generally scout it with a "Pooh! pooh! nonsense!"

I had never heard this story until informed of it by the ex-laundress of the Fenton's, and as every straw is caught at by an expert detective, and bound into one compact sheaf, I added this little straw to my sheaf which I was daily gathering together for the benefit of the poor destitute orphan daughter of the missing Boston merchant.

I cultivated the acquaintance of that old crone. I supplied her with unlimited bottles of "Crown Gin," and one day, after a month's wearisome service at 98 Handcraft street, I had my reward. And now I must digress a little again.

In the opening chapter of this tale, you will remember that the Chief remarked that within a few months from the disappearance of Mr. Kathcairn a strange fatality had fallen on the members of the Fenton family—four of their children had died one after another of a malignant fever. It was a puzzle to the family physician and his colds in attendance. Malignant fever is proverbially to be found among the denizens of filthy localities where foul smells develop the disease. It is not contagious, but it is purely a local disease. "I mean of course by local—confined to certain localities in large cities—so say the doctors, and they surely know. Now, Mr. Fenton's mansion, like all the other mansions of the wealthy, was entirely free from all foul smells of any nature. Whence, then, this strange fatality known only among the slums of the wretchedly dirty and vile? And then again several of the ex-servants of the Fenton's rumored it round the city, (among their own class) that every night there appeared in the wine cellar a bright luminous body which they insisted was a veritable ghost.

I put this and that together and formed my own conclusions. I have stated I worked on the good side of the old crone till she favored me with her confidence, crude and apparently of little value at first, but one day I jumped in an instant at the truth. It happened this way:

I was down in the wine cellar getting a bottle of old Port, for the butler, (being busy himself he handed me the keys and requested as a favor that I would bring it to him.) I was fumbling in the wine rack, when a hand was laid on my shoulder. I turned quickly around, and there stood the Old Crone.

"Darter," she said, ain't you afeared?"

"Afraid of what, mother?" I asked.

"Afeard of the ghost—his ghost," she said, with a half shudder, her eyes glaring wildly in the direction of the far corner of the cellar.

"Come here, mother," I said. "Does Mrs. Fenton know about this ghost, which they haunts this cellar?"

"Hish, hish! honey, of course she does. My darter July is cunnin; she hid him here to guard the purty pictes. Hish, don't you tell now, don't you tell. She'd kill me of I am her old mother. Come here, I'll show you where the purty pictes are. No, no, I won't, I'm afeard; he'd claw me sure; but I'll tell you honey, bekase I love you. There, down in the ground darter, near you big hogshead, (a wine tun) there's where they are. He is in it. She made me help to put him in. There, now don't you tell, don't you tell." And the poor, crazy old creature took a long pull at the flask she always carried, and muttering "don't you tell, don't you tell," hobbled out of the cellar.

The finger of God was pointing to the solution of this horrible crime.

There remains but little more to be told. Of course my career as the chambermaid of the Fentons ended from that moment, and twenty minutes afterwards the Chief of the C—— Detective Bureau, accompanied by myself and five subordinates, and Chief of Police of the city were in the parlor of the Fenton mansion. Five minutes more and a heartrending scream of agony penetrated every crevice of the mansion.

Mrs. Fenton, finding she was discovered, had taken from her pocket a small vial of poison, and was about to swallow the contents, when the quick hand of the Chief of Police grasped her arm, wrenched the vial from her convulsed fingers and dashed it to the floor.

Her purpose thwarted, and the dungeon walls of a prison, followed by the hideous vision of the scaffold looming up before her eyes, she wrenched at her hair, gave a heart-piercing scream of agony, wailing up from a tortured, conscience-stricken heart, and fell prostrate on the floor. Well, well, I hate to write of these horrible scenes occurring so frequently in my detective life, but I have a motive, to show that the Inscrutable hand of the Omniscient points out the path to the detection of crime with most certain precision, and to show to those who would wander from the paths of virtue into the dark intricacies of vice, that they will most certainly meet their well-merited doom, no matter how closely they may conceal their evil deeds from the eyes of man. This is the moral of my detective stories. Study them and be wise.

We found the body, the bonds, and the memorandum book. The torn portion which I produced fitted exactly, and when complete read this way:—

Gave Julia, 16th of June, $50,000.
To Henry, " check on C. B. of N. $10,000.
Oh, will I never be rid of these wretched and most vile harpies? Will they forever be my curse in my weary course through this life, and my destruction in the next.
Going to see Julia on the 17th of next month. She must go with me where I can find heartsease. G. K.

There were other little items of no interest to the reader. On the other side of the page was the allusion to his expected death at her hands. Poor fellow, he met it.

She made a full and complete confession, implicating her husband in swindling, and herself in a foul murder.

It seems that 15 years previously she was the mistress of Kathcairn, at whose house young Fenton, then a fast young student at a Boston Law College, was a frequent and welcome visitor.

Fenton had squandered nearly all his means, having nothing but his deceased father's mansion in the the city of C——, in the way of property; the rents from that supported him in his college course, but gambling and drinking were his bane, and he mortgaged his house to Kathcairn for $10,000. It was worth five times the amount and the presumption was that Kathcairn had two reasons in coming to C——. Wild, mad ones, truly; but no other conjecture can be put upon his conduct. The first reason was to foreclose the mortgage, the second, to carry off to some foreign clime the woman he so dearly loved, and the thoughts of whose desertion working on an over-taxed brain for fifteen years had caused his insanity.

He came to their house, as was stated, in the private carriage of the proprietors of the T—— House. Fenton soon discovered his imbecile state of mind and opened this game of crime by swindling him out of the mortgage bond which he carried with him. By what means he did this we could not find out, the murderers being only aware of the fact. The murder was perpetrated without his knowledge and for the sake of the amount he carried with him, which in his insane love he offered to Mrs. Fenton if she would accompany him to Europe. Fenton himself was unaware of this private episode between his wife and Kathcairn, and was well satisfied to get the mortgage in his possession. She must have been a strong-minded, remorseless woman, for she murdered the man, according to her own statement, with as little remorse as she would kill a chicken. Nay, she forced her own mother (whom she never acknowledged but simply kept about her person as a menial to keep her from babbling, I suppose), to lend her aid in throwing the body into an empty wine urn where we found it in a state of putridity. The bonds were neatly wrapped in oil-skin and placed in a heavy ebony box and buried deep in the floor of the cellar. How she induced Kathcairn into the wine vault she never disclosed. Some inate idea of modesty, never entirely lost in the breast of even the most vile female, probably kept her mouth sealed on that point. She never left the house alive. On some pretense or another she managed, when the eye of the Chief was off her, to reach the mantel-piece, a rapid movement of the hand to a vial containing nicotine, and in a moment she was dead.

Fenton, on his return to his home, was astounded, as well he might be, at the horrible denouncement. He was carried to prison and in six weeks died of a broken heart.

And now all that remains to be told is in regard to the mysterious deaths of the children. Was it the judgment hand of God punishing the parents through the instrumentality of a natural cause? I allude to the gas arising from the decomposing body penetrating to their little chamber immediately above; for the nursery was on the first floor in the rear of the house and immediately over that part of the wine vault where the pulrescent remains lay hidden from the light of day. Was it this?"

Dear reader the hand of God works mysteriously. I have traced it in many a supposed hidden crime, and Bartmorn, the detective, tells you in all kindliness of heart and feeling that the "way of the just" is the only true way.

A few words more and I am done. That poor, despairing, deserted orphan girl in the city of Boston received her father's money to the last dime. What she in her gratitude gave our firm I will not say. It was sufficient, however, to induce my dear Mary to say—when I, like a faithful husband, showed her my share—"Now, Bartmorn, my dear, I really must have that new Cashmere."

Oh, these women. God bless them.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

BY EMILY J. MACKINTOSH.

"Beauty and the Beast! Minnie Stokes for Beauty—who'll be the Beast?" and Mrs. Lovejoy looked at the group of eager children before her for an answer.

Minnie had already stepped from the ranks; and now there sprang to her side a boy, some three years her senior, who said,

"I will, Mrs. Lovejoy!"

"You'll do," was the laughing response. "Stand over there, both of you;"—and the young couple joined the ranks of performers, whose position was assigned them.

"What are you doing?" cried a merry voice at the door; and in a moment the new comers was the centre of a group composed of all the children in the room."

"Now, Lou, see how you've bothered me. I shall never get these children sorted again in the world."

"But what is it?"

"My Clara is going to have a tableau party, and we are taking the fairy tales to illustrate. I've found parts for some of the children, and sent them off to that end of the room."

"Well, sort them out again; come, I'll help you;"—and, catching up the book, the book, the merry girl called name after name from those written.

"Beauty and the Beast; Beauty, Minnie Stokes; Beast, Henry Wood. Oh, Fan!" she whispered, "how could you?"

"Chose it himself, my dear," was the answer. "A good joke I call it!"—and Mrs. Lovejoy took up her list again.

But Lou's pitiful eyes, resting on the children, did not mirror any of her cousin's mirth. Minnie and Henry were standing in one of the window-niches, talking earnestly, unconscious of the soft blue eyes bent so lovingly upon them.

Minnie was a beautiful child of twelve years, with brown curls and dark eyes, perfect in form and feature. Henry had the face of an angel, with the figure of a Caliban. He had been a tall, well-developed boy for five years of his life, when a terrible fall had ruined his form. His spine was injured, curving till he was almost hump-backed; his hip was crooked, causing him to limp; and the whole figure was twisted out of shape and almost the semblance of humanity. The face was lovely, blonde, waving hair, large blue eyes, delicate features, and an expression of perfect good humor were its leading points of beauty.

Minnie, the pet of the whole town of Fairwater, was the warmest champion and friend of the crippled child of the clergyman, the Rev. Godfrey Wood. She was the only one who knew how false was the content the unselfish boy professed to his sorrowing friends. She alone knew how every jest he made upon his own deformity was a sword-thrust to his sensitive spirit; and now, as they stood in the window, she was pleading with him to relinquish the part he had chosen. But he was obstinate; the character would keep him at her side, and he had determined to take it.

At last all were provided, and the rehearsals and dresses were the main business of the little folks who were counted in Mrs. Clara Lovejoy's circle of friends.

The birthday party was a complete success. Never had Minnie looked lovelier than when she knelt over the expiring beast, whose false head and shaggy-coated figure her tender little heart longed to hide from the curious eyes looking at them. As is often the case, the names of the performers clung to them; and for many weeks Minnie's heart swelled painfully at hearing Henry called Beauty's Beast; but at last the tableaux and names faded away in new interests among the young folks of Fairwater.

Years glided by, and Henry Wood was ordained. He had followed in his father's footsteps; and Fairwater was waiting to hear his first sermon; before he left them for the home and duties to which he had been appointed.

Minnie, an heiress and a belle, beautiful beyond even the promise of her childhood, was most anxious to hear the first effort of her old friend. Years of study and humble seeking for the will of the Master he had chosen, had set their seal upon the pure, spiritual face of the young clergyman; and, as he stood up to face the friends of his life, there was a hushed awe went round the church. The full white robes and hood concealed the misshapen figure, and only the fair face spoke to them of the boy they had watched grow from childhood to youthful manhood.

Slowly they dispersed, each wondering at the eloquence and piety of the young devotee; and the next day Henry Wood went out from amongst them on his Master's service.

In one of the largest houses in Fairwater, Minnie Stokes sat, reading a love-letter. Her rich beauty was fully developed, and every decoration wealth could give her was at her command. From the jewelled band that held her clustering curls, to the dainty slipper that covered her tiny foot, her dress was exquisite and costly. She had been dressing for a large party when the letter was brought to her. With it was a bouquet, which she was implored to carry, if the answer to the suit was a favorable one.

She was offered all that had constituted her world. Her suitor had wealth, talent, and manly beauty; he adored her, could match her in worldly position, and give her a home as luxurious as the one she had lived in from childhood.

"I wonder if I care for him," she said, letting the letter lie open before her. "I have not thought much of love. My life has been useless and aimless; and now when I was thinking I might be better—when Henry had made her *think*—here is a new life of ease and luxury offered me. I wonder if I care enough for Sir Rudolph Haines to be his wife; he is very handsome, very devoted: and every winter, when I have been at Aunt Jane's, he has made the time pass very pleasantly. I did not think he would follow me here to my quiet, country home. I am very happy; I was going to try to be very good—and somehow this letter perplexes me."

You will see that she was not very much in love with the writer, yet he had been a pleasant companion in her gay London winters.

"I am to carry this bouquet, if I love him!" she mused.

For nearly an hour she sat over the letter thinking deeply; then she arose, took the bouquet in her hand, and deliberately thrust the flowers into the fire, to her maid's consternation.

Sir Rudolph Haines felt a keen pang when he saw Minnie saunter into the brilliant drawing-room, leaning on her father's arm, empty handed; but he was not a man to drop after firing one shot; and to Minnie's surprise, he was devoted as ever.

It was an odd life the young girl led after this eventful evening. She was in constant correspondence with Henry, and held fast to her resolve to be good; but while every letter spurred her on to higher aims and new efforts, every interview with Sir Rudolph drew her back to the gay world again.

Rich, beautiful, and courted, it was no wonder that the attractions offered her tempted by their false glitter; and while her charities and kindly care of many pensioners were her peace-offerings to her resolution of goodness, her dress was as rich, her voice as gay, and her step as ready for the waltz as ever.

Mr. Godfrey Wood died, and his son was appointed to Fairwater. For one year he had been absent, and there was not a heart in his congregation but felt a pang, as he appeared on the first Sunday after his return. The pallid face, hollow eyes, and weary droop of the mouth, told a tale of illness and suffering that went to every heart there. As he proceeded, the color came slowly back to his hollow cheeks, and the fire to his eyes; while his stirring words of exhortation told of a spirit unquenched by physical suffering, a mind devoted to one cause and one work.

With pitying eyes the congregation watched the drooping figure of their beloved pastor as it daily grew weaker; while over Minnie's bright life a pall seemed suddenly to fall.

Die! Everybody spoke of his death as a certain and not far-distant event. Die! Her friend, her councellor, her guide to every pure and holy aspiration of her life! she turned sick over the possibility; and then, sparing herself no maiden pang, she read her own heart truly. He had never spoken to her of love, never given her more than a friend's interest; and she knew that, unasked and unsought, she had given the deformed minister the love Sir Rudolph Haines vainly sought to win.

Poor, deformed, and sickly, he had won what her handsome suitor would have given all his wealth to gain.

It was late one summer afternoon, and Minnie was dreaming away the twilight in her own room, when she saw a figure in deep mourning coming slowly up the garden-walk. It was no new sight; for the old minister's widow, Henry's mother, was a frequent and welcome visitor at Mr. Stokes' house. Everybody was out; and Minnie escorted the old lady to her own room, took off her bonnet, found her the easiest chair, and then sat down on a stool at her feet for a long chat. Motherless herself, the young girl was very fond of Henry's only surviving parent.

"Minnie," said the old lady, stroking back the clustering curls, and looking into the fair face raised to hers, "I have come to make a strange request to-day. I want you to go away to your Aunt Jane's until after you are married."

"Go away! Married!" cried the astonished girl.

"You are engaged to Sir Rudolph Haines, are you not? You will be his wife soon?"

"Never!"

"I was mistaken, then. Still, I implore you, take your lovely face, for a time, from Fairwater. Perhaps, after a while——Oh! Minnie, Minnie, spare me my only son!"

"Tell me what you mean? Quick! Tell me?"

"Do you not see how he loves you? Do you not see that he is dying of hopeless love?"

"He never told me——"

"No—no; how could he? He, the dwarfed, deformed, poor parson; you——"

"I, so unworthy of his noble heart, his holy affection!"

"Minnie—Minnie, do not mock me!" and the aged hands grew tremulous.

"Mother!" she whispered; "may I call you mother?"

"Well," said Mrs. Lovejoy, as she took off her bonnet, "I never expected to see Henry Wood look as he did this morning when he stood at the altar with Minnie. He is a new man; and she looked lovely! He is horribly deformed, though; so, after all, as it was years ago, she is still Beauty to his—"

"Hush! cousin;" and Lou's soft hand stopped the word on Mrs. Lovejoy's lips. "She has chosen well."

But the merry laugh, long stilled, rang out at the parsonage as Henry said, caressing his wife's curls, "You know, Beauty, the Beast was dying when the fair lady promised to marry him. Unfortunately the promise has wrought no transformation to-day."

Tenderly the little hand fell on the disfiguring hump as Minnie whispered, "My dear husband, has not God made a perfect soul even in this poor, suffering body? Ah, my darling, believe me, no beauty could be, to me, so lovely as the holy life I have seen led by one tried in the furnace of affliction as you have been."

And so the sorry jest passed by, and the minister's wife followed humbly in the paths her husband trod in his Master's service.

VOICES run in families quite as much as do eyes, mouths, noses, chins, tempers, capacities, complexions, hands, feet, and legs. Resemblance of thorax is transmitted from sire to son, with other congenital likenesses, and notably with the constitution that speaks average length of life. Sorrowful experience will often connect the well-remembered quality of "a voice that is still" with the visible signs of declining health. The music of the tone, like the flush on the cheek, was mortal; the very life of the voice, the clear, bell-like ring, was the ring of death. There is now and then a strange witching in these doomed voices.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

CHOCOLATE CAKES.—Beat the whites of two eggs with a quarter of a pound of pounded sugar into a frothy cream, add the juice of half a lemon and six ounces of finely-grated chocolate. Drop this mixture in spoonfuls on a buttered tin and bake them slowly.

FARMERS' FRUIT CAKE.—Soak three cupfuls of dried apples over night in warm water, chop slightly in the morning, and then simmer two hours in two cupfuls of sugar, one and a half teaspoonfuls soda, flour enough to make rather a stiff batter—say one quart. Spice to suit the taste. Bake in a quick oven.

ORANGE NUTS.—Take seven ounces of flour, seven of sugar, and three eggs, one ounce and a half of orange peel, and the same of lemon peel. Beat the eggs with the sugar for a quarter of an hour, add the flour and peels, beating it until no flour is visible. Form them into little balls, and bake them like the others.

VARIETY PUDDINGS.—Take a quarter pound of fresh butter and beat it to a thick cream, add four tablespoonfuls of fine flour, two ounces of loaf sugar, one ounce of candied peel cut into thick slices, six sweet and six bitter almonds blanched and cut lengthways. Mix these ingredients together, form them into rounds, and bake them in six patty pans.

APPLE CHEESE-CAKE.—Pare, core, and boil twelve apples, with enough water to mash them; beat them up very smooth, then add the yolks of six eggs, the juice of two lemons and some grated peel, half pound of fresh butter, beaten into a cream, and sweetened with pounded loaf-sugar; beat all well in with the apples, bake it in a puff paste, and send it up like an open tart.

A FLOATING ISLAND OF APPLES.—Bake or scald eight or nine large apples; when cold, pare them and pulp them through a sieve. Beat up this pulp with sugar, and add to it the whites of four or five eggs previously beaten up with a small quantity of rose-water. Mix this into the pulp a little at a time, and beat it until quite light. Heap it up on a dish, with a rich custard or jelly round it.

HOME-MADE BAR SOAP.—To seven and a half pounds of grease add three gallons of strong lye. Let them stand so until the grease is nearly eaten; then put on the fire, adding slowly a cupful at a time of water, until you have used as much as two gallons. After boiling half an hour, add two pounds of resin. Boil again until the latter is melted. Then stir in two even pints of salt, and turn out into moulds.

RICE CAKES.—Beat three eggs very lightly; then add to them half a pound of cold boiled rice, mashed up well with a lump of butter twice the size of a hen's egg. Put in a cupful of sour milk, with a teaspoonful of saleratus, and finally, after, of course, putting in a little salt, sift in flour enough to make a soft batter for griddle cakes, or a little more, so that you can bake in muffin rings. Use milk also in forming the batter. These cakes are delicious.

LEMON HONEYCOMB.—This is a very simple dish, and one that makes a pleasant variety on the supper table. The juice of a lemon should be sweetened to the taste, and put into the dish in which it will be served up. The white of an egg is beaten into a pint of rich cream, with a little sugar, and whisked. As the froth rises, it should be placed on the lemon juice, and has a very light and pretty appearance. It is desirable to prepare this dish the day before it is required, and a few pieces of sponge cake may be strewed over it just before it is sent up.

KEEPING EGGS.—Slake one pound stone lime in two gallons of water. When cool add one pint salt. Stir well and let the mixture thoroughly settle. Place the eggs in a stone jar, pointed ends downward, and pour over them the clear liquid without disturbing the sediment. Be sure that the lime water covers them. Close the jar tightly, and do not disturb until wanted for use. Be careful to break each one into a dish separately, as there will always be found a few which the lime will penetrate, but the proportion is very small. This recipe will preserve nine dozen eggs.

PRESERVED PEARS.—Cut the pears in half and take out the cores. Place them over the fire and boil them in a little water until they are just soft enough for a fork to penetrate them. Take them out and place them on a dish to drain. To each pound of fruit allow a pound of loaf-sugar; add the sugar to the water in which the pears were boiled, put in the fruit with the rind and juice of a fresh lemon. Boil the pears gently for fifteen or twenty minutes; take them out of the syrup, lay them on a broad dish until cold; then place them carefully in glass jars. Boil the syrup until thick enough, pour it over the fruit hot, and seal up.

BALTIMORE APPLE BREAD.—Prepare a dough exactly as if for rusks. When it is very light, roll out a cake about half an inch thick. Spread stewed apples over it, and over that place another cake of dough like the first. Put it in a pan to lighten for a short time. Bake it. Have some thin slices of apples stewed very tender, and when the bread is baked lay these slices of apples all over the top, sprinkle them well with sugar, some small bits of butter, and either nutmeg or cinnamon, whichever you like. Put it back in the oven long enough for the sugar to form a coating on the top. Take it out, and, when cold, slice it nicely for tea.

BEEF BROTH.—To make beef broth or consomme for soup (French pot *au feu*), the base of rice soup, put in a stock pot four pounds of fresh beef, two gallons of cold water, two tablespoonfuls of salt; let it boil slowly, skim well, then add to it four carrots, two turnips, one onion with two cloves stuck in, half of a parsnip, four leeks, with two stems of celery tied together, boil slowly on the side of the fire for five hours, take off the beef, vegetables and all the grease from the surface, give it a rich, yellow color with a few drops of good caramel, and pass through a napkin. The rice ought to be previously bleached in boiling water, washed and then cooked in some of the beef broth.

TO CLEAN ENGRAVINGS.—The *Cabinet Maker* publishes the following receipt for cleaning engravings, which should be tried at first on small engravings of little value: Put the engravings on a small board; cover it thinly with common salt finely powdered; squeeze lemon juice upon the salt so as to dissolve a considerable portion of it; elevate one end of the board so that it may form an angle of about forty-five or fifty degrees; pour on the engraving boiling water from a tea-kettle until the salt and lemon juice be almost washed off. The engraving then will be perfectly clean and free from stains. It must be dried on the board or some smooth surface, gradually. If dried by the fire or the sun it will be tinged with a yellow color.

TO KEEP PICKLES.—In putting up pickles, a pure strong and palatable vinegar forms the most essential part of the programme. There is nothing in the world so aggravating to a thrifty housewife as to find on opening her pickle jar that instead of the firm, crisp and refreshing pickle, so much desired and looked forward to, she has for all her trouble, time and money, simply a mass of soft, tasteless and insipid rubbish that has been rendered so by the use of vinegar lacking the proper strength, or containing all sorts of mineral acids and deleterious substances. The following recipe will prove a success. Pour boiling salt water over the pickles, using a handful of salt to one gallon of water, let them stand over night, then drain them off thoroughly and cover them entirely with good vinegar (that known as white wine vinegar is generally considered the best for this purpose); let them stand a few days; then scald with the vinegar, pour it off and cover them again with fresh vinegar, cold; spice to taste; a small piece of alum may be added to improve the color; keep your pickle jar well covered and you will have fine and crisp pickles for years.

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The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821
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Saturday Evening, October 28, 1876.

THE GOLD PREMIUMS.

We have received several inquiries concerning the gold premiums offered to agents by the former proprietors of this paper. The present publishers are in no way responsible for the payment of these premiums, which was distinctly assumed by Messrs. Reed, Wickersham, & Co., at the time of their sale of the paper, they having made the offer and received what benefits accrued therefrom.

These gentlemen have repeatedly assured us that they would give early attention to the matter in answer to our repeated requests that they should do so. It would be no more just to hold us blameworthy for any delay, than to condemn us because any former proprietor of the paper had failed to pay his tailor's bill, if such a thing were supposable.

DO ONE THING WELL.

Every young man entering upon a life avocation should adopt a specialty in his business or profession. As true learning consists not in the quantity but the quality of one's knowledge, so excellence in any branch of business consists in the ability to do something particularly well.

Men of science, who devote their energies to the mastery of some one pursuit, usually gather the full measure of their greatness. Physicians, who endeavor to compass the entire range of medical practice, generally end by reaping the gratitude of the undertakers. Lawyers, who vouchsafe an opinion with equal assurance upon questions of international polity or local contracts, eventually discover that red tape is not so tangible as bank notes.

The clerk who excells in some one thing renders his services necessary to his employer, and thereby is enabled to command a better salary than his associates, while his general ability may not be so marked as theirs. Without a specialty, a man must combat the competition of a ravenous mediocrity, whose cry of "bread or blood" is the legitimate offspring of trying to do too many things at once. A "Jack of all Trades" is a convenient instrument about a household; he is popular on picnics, and is able to provoke applause when his skill dispels the difficulties of a railroad mishap, but after all, what does he amount to? He is always busy, and never accomplishes anything brilliant; he goes through life at a feverish gallop, and at its close looks back upon a course strewn with many fragments of creditable beginnings, but not one complete production of superior effort.

To attain a specialty, hard work and long work is certainly requisite, for no man can hope to be in advance of his neighbor unless his prowess and his labor correspond with his ambition. The world pays well for complete models, but no market is open for spasmodic industry.

CITY SHADE TREES.

Patience has long held her place on the monument which the immortal bard assigned her, where she still sits smiling at grief. Her virtue in such a position is rather of the negative order. Any one with marble frame and stony heart could look patient. From the nature of the case the virtue is a necessity. An impatient statue would be entirely out of the order of nature; indeed would rise above all ordinary statues, become extraordinary and so by active virtue excel the passive figure which quietly accepts the inevitable.

There is a living embodiment of patience heretofore apparently unnoticed and unpraised to which we desire to render tribute. It is the city shade tree. Consider its nature, its condition and its behavior.

No child of the soil more eagerly craves or is more responsive to the fullness of nature's bounty. It spreads wide arms to fondly wrestle with the free winds, and gaily sings mid the strife; opens myriads of leaves to record the loving messages written by the sunbeams; welcomes the birds that pour forth from its shade the songs itself would utter, but which it can only mutely express in its joyous flowers, and going down to the very bosom of its mother earth is made a partner with her hidden mysteries by which life is brought from death and beauty from darkness. This is the tree in the open field, free, receptive and responsive.

Now look at it in its new place in the city. No free winds to give it needed exercise, only now and then a gust whirling through the narrow street laden with dust, smoke, and stifling odors. Its former bountiful bath of sunshine now limited to what can find its way from overhead between the tall structures on either side.

The rain visits it as of old, but the eager roots can only hear the patter of the drops on the hard pavements above, and think of the days when their parched mouths were filled by the drops which were filtered through the turf above, sweet with the fragrance of the clover and grasses they had kissed in passing. Groping through the fetid soil unhealthful gases meet them at every turn and they vainly wander about the iron or stony pipes for the companionship once afforded by the sweet cool boulders.

Yet these trees live and give untold pleasure and so nobly fulfil their mission despite the surroundings. When spring calls, the leaves come forth as cheerily as though the joyous scenes of childhood awaited them. They spread their hands invitingly to the sparrows as though these invading rascals were as tuneful as the bluebird and the robin. With trunks prisoned in boxes or left to be mangled by the teeth of horses or the knives of boys, they yet struggle on heroically, spread their grateful shade, rest the tired eyes of the citizen, half blinded by glaring brick, and send his thoughts back to his native hillside, where the elm and the maple protected the happy hours of his youth.

When the final summing up of "well done" shall greet the ears of all the faithful, then if there be a future for trees, these patient continuers in well-doing will not be forgotten but deck the plains of the happy land.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

There is but one sort of love, but, like genuine coin, there are a thousand counterfeits of it. True love is founded on esteem, as it requires something more than personal beauty to make it permanent.

Beauty of person is like an annual flower; but beauty of the mind, like a perennial one, lasts for more than a season.

Too great a disparity of years is unnatural in wedlock; if a man be double the age of a woman, old age overtakes him too soon—eight or ten years may be excused on the man's side—the half of it on the woman's is intolerable.

In short courtship, we can form no judgment of either the affection or merit of a person, length of time must exercise both. Remember, but do not try the old proverb: "Marry in haste, but repent at leisure."

The most unhappy marriages are the monied ones, and parents often render their own and their children's lives miserable, by persuading them to marry for convenience instead of love.

Sincerity and ungenerousness are likewise characteristics of true affection, for they that disguise their real sentiments in courtship, are always sufferers after marriage.

SONG of the season: "Blow ye winds and noses, blow!"

THE worst conundrum yet—when is a chimney like a swallow? When it has a crooked flew!

"No stolk wawtered heare!" is a sign of warning, swinging from a wayside well in Bucks County.

AN Irishman gallantly says, "No one will look on the faults of a woman without first shutting his eyes."

CHICAGO men are said to have liberal views of things because of the very extensive *standpoints* they occupy.

YOU had better learn wisdom and prudence by the mishaps of your neighbors, than wait to learn them from your own.

A BENEVOLENT individual on South street is going to raise his house six inches from the ground, in order, as he says, "to 'low the rats room to chaw."

PHILADELPHIANS are improving the opportunities offered this year for completing their genealogical trees. One family has got as far as the thirteenth cousin, and still they come.

AN evening paper having stated that "Mr. Brown while shooting his pistol at random wounded a passing citizen," a neighbor desires to know "whose in thunder's dog is *random*?"

A WEST Philadelphia man thinks from the manner in which his wife handles his head, when she wants him to get up and make a fire in the morning, that she's a natural born hair-pin.

AN old bachelor on Walnut street is wondering why, when you want to conciliate your sweetheart's married sister by kissing her baby, the little rascal is so inconsiderate as to force collision between his last lunch and your whiskers.

A DEFEATED candidate in the Fifteenth Ward hopes that, when "the other feller" again retires to private life, he may sink into an insignificance, compared to which the life of the most unknown African gorilla will be as a national history.

THERE is an old colored woman on Arch street of such a religious spirit, that she connects every circumstance of her life with her future relation. The other day the fire alarm was sounded, and one of the servants, springing into the room where "Aunt Rachel" was asleep, shouted: "Aun' Rachel, wake up, de house's a fire!"

"Well, what ef 'tis," responded the imperturbable old woman, "is yer any nigher de Kingdom?"

AUTUMN REFLECTIONS

BY DELMADI.

The glow of a golden Autumn
Has faded to ashen gray;
The sheaves of a plenteous harvest
Are gathered and stored away.
The song of the reaper is ended,
The meadows are cold and chill,
While a haze, as of Indian Summer,
Hangs over the vale and hill.

The leaves of the crimson maple,
That blushed like a happy bride,
Are fallen, and lie all lifeless,
While the flowers at its foot have died.
Those dear little wildwood blossoms,
I gathered from day to day,
With the ferns and the meek-faced daisies,
Have faded from sight away.

I look back on a Summer wasted,
On a harvest without fruit or sheaves,
On a harvest that lies behind me,
For my offering bears "Nothing but Leaves."
And I fear that the Lord of the harvest,
As he gleans out the chaff from the wheat,
May refuse the careless gleanings
Of the grain that grew alone at my feet.

When Death, the pale-faced reaper,
With his sickle shall cut me down,
I shall meet, not a smile from the Master,
But a mournful and angry frown;
For here, in a bountiful harvest
That lay at my very door,
I bring but a few poor offerings,
And now the Summer is o'er.

Yes, my Summer is almost ended,
The bounteous harvest is past,
And I, alone, am a gleaner
Through barren fields at last;
But many a grain which the reapers
Have carelessly left, now lie,
And I may yet stoop to gather
One sheaf, at least, ere I die.

THE VASES OF THE EXHIBITION.

BY MISS A. COOLIDGE.

We have heard far less about liberty, equality, and the right to vote, during the Exhibition season, than we have about Chinese, Japanese and Berlin vases. This circumstance is certainly surprising, but it is not without its parallel. We learn from English history that sometime during the reign of George IV, a large proportion of the Crown representatives went "china mad." Why, then, should not we under extra pressure go *china-case mad*. With George IV. that disease did not abate until that monarch had poured the nation's gold like rivers of water, in the building up of a gorgeous marine palace at Brighton. In that renowned edifice, we are told there were Chinese galleries, presided over by Lin Shin, the Chinese god of thunder; Chinese statues in Chinese drosses, and Chinese chimney-pieces flanked with costly chimney vases.

That the curious tastes and the gay, oriental ornamention of the Celestials, should have swayed the dazed mind of George IV, is not at all surprising; but that the old Pekin paintings, with their dilapidated barbarians, should be fished out of the Royal lumber-room of Buckingham Palace and reinstated in the front ranks of "high art," only furnishes another argument for that much contemned class which insists upon the theory that human progress is fitly represented by the swinging pendulum, or the exasperating circle, that begins where it ended and ends where it began. Whatever may be the truth or falsity of this unpalatable theory, there can be no doubt but what the world of to-day is as profoundly agitated as of old, on the subject of vases. For various reasons this interest may not culminate in a splendid pavilion, like the one of "London Super-mare," yet from present indications, one may safely judge that scarcely a house in the land will be vaseless. Even the Quakers, who staunchly ignore superfluous ornaments, are occasionally seen among the army of eager purchasers. One motherly-looking woman with a small pair of these luxuries clasped closely in her hands and partially concealed by the fringeless corners of a drab shawl, was heard to make evasive reply to a deliberate looking "broad-brim," who queried:—"What on earth does thee want of those foreign *tchimnies*?" Perhaps the spirit of liberty may not be transmitted to her drab successors, in its original fullness, but they will be quite sure to inherit a vase fashioned by the cunning hand of John Chinamen.

For this universal vase madness there really seems to be no sufficient excuse. Probably it is because these vessels, like the "vessels of wrath," are poured upon us in such an unending stream. We are taught that the brain is obedient to the vision and receives an impress of all that the eye beholds. What a "huge lot" of vase pictures, the Exhibition visitor's brain must contain! No wonder it grows either vase-sick or vase mad, and says frantically "a kingdom for a vase." It may possibly require several visits at the fair, to fully arouse the more phlegmatic native American on the vase question. Surely the enormous Japanese vases, which loom up like monster sentinels at the entrance of this department, are no toys for a lady's hand. Besides it might be difficult to imagine them as having no connection with flowers of a reasonable size. Vases! vases everywhere and not a flower to smell of, would most likely be a sample of the soul's refrain, as the aching eyes attempt to view the summit of these porcelain giraffes. We have, of course, an unsophisticated notion that vases are intended for flowers, but where, alas, are the flowers that can reach up to such lofty heights and still "touch bottom?" Nothing shorter than a good-sized plum or locust tree would answer the purpose; and then they must needs be at the full height of their blossoming career, in order to shed a fragrance big enough to reach the upturned nostrils below or make any impression on the restaurant-scented atmosphere of the Exhibition building. Then again, where is the flower-loving lady, who can arrange bouquets for them without borrowing a "fire company's ladder" with which to scale their enamelled sides. But they are intended for royal halls. Certainly, in this case, the royal visitor can set down on the first landing and inhale their proffered fragrance; but how will it be in the future, when the royals, with one accord, shall decide to go up in "American" elevators?

These porcelain monsters may be well adapted to the illimitable gardens of the King of the star-spangled Celestials and the full-fledged "brother of the sun." But a modest-minded American cannot be expected to comprehend "all of a sudden" their true use and beauty. We will have to grow first. Their price of course removes them far beyond the reach of even the august President of the United States. In this country none but a railway king or a merchant prince could hope to possess such an extensive piece of crockery. Even for such dignitaries it might be an unwise investment, since more time would be required to straighten out the cunning entanglement of vasiform beauties, preparatory to entering upon a straight road of enjoyment, than it would to construct a railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific slope, or gather up all the street gamins in New York city and send them, washed, combed and clothed to sunday-school.

Still the chief objection to such tall vases is that they dwarf everybody and everything about them. Even our much worshiped Goddess of Liberty, though elevated on the highest kind of a pedestal and rejoicing in high-heeled slippers and a crown of cabbage roses, would look pale and insignificant in comparison. In respect to the Goddess, this is particularly unfortunate, as she is everywhere a welcome guest, that is, if firmly chained to her own proper pedestal. It is not necessary to repeat that we do not wish to see her dwarfed. Neither do we wish to have our proud American eagle with his expressive wings reduced to the size of a chimney swallow. Neither can we endure to see our glorious stars and stripes dimmed by golden-eyed dragons and vermillion-tongued serpents.

Perhaps after all, our objection to vases which weigh two or three thousand pounds, is a national prejudice, since the "Royal manufacturers beg leave to draw our attention to the difficulty of making articles in China over a certain size, and state that their vases are of dimensions which are considered a great achievement in the potter's art." If so much can be said of the size, what cannot be said of the "finishing touches." After becoming accustomed to it we may be able to study up a few patches here and there; but to go all around and follow their interminable dragons and things from their sources, among gnarled trees and imaginary flowers out to their final termini in heads, eyes, wide-spread jaws and darting tongues would be too lengthy a process for any native to undertake, even though supplied with a steam engine and a ninety-and-nine days' Exhibition "pass." Such a dragon jungle must be particularly discouraging to those who have but recently won their way to the great highway of civilization through a similar net-work of dangerous beasts. Must they go back now, after the fearful strife is over and fondle them—or admire their pictures? If so, they need go no farther than the Japanese or Chinese sections. There are serpents of gold and silver; serpents of bronze; serpents of brass; serpents of iron and serpents of porcelain. There are little serpents laid out straight, and big serpents closely coiled up in economical space. Serpents with golden eyes and golden tongues. There are young dragons with golden wings and golden teeth; and old wingless dragons with golden-tipped tails and no teeth at all. Cunningly and mysteriously made are they, one and all, but charming only to those who are cultivated up or down to the serpentine or draconian standard. "How do you like this style?" said a man to the woman at his elbow, as they paused before a nest of vases, particularly redundant in this kind of ornamentation. "Mercy!" exclaimed the latter, "I always did hate snakes, and I declare," added she, "if those heathens haven't gone and made handles of them!" This recalls the bible prophecy, that the "seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head," and we vaguely wonder if this prophecy cannot be made to overtop the Confucien system and extend to China and Japan. Not but what the men of these nations are first-rate bruisers, but unfortunately the serpents are not the victims.

We notice that several tender hearted newspaper correspondents have given instructions to the Exhibition visitors, calculated to make sight-seeing easy. Considering all things, perhaps the individual in question, might as well continue "right along" until he or she falls down naturally onto the nearest bench. When she "has sat" she will, very likely, close her eyes and perhaps fall to wondering how on earth the "Jap" or "China" artist, has managed to accumulate such a lot of Dragons? It has never been supposed that such a collection could exist outside of the delirium tremens were they born of opium? Where, oh where were the artistic bowels of compassion, when that string of birds were allowed to slide from that pretty vase handle down into that horrid Dragon's mouth? Handles decorated with clusters of burrs look more compassionate; but back-woods people have prejudices and would rather seize their vases by the neck than run the risk of having their hands pricked with millions of metalic prickers. Mercy! Don't let the children run against that dagger-billed bronze Crane, from whose fertile head sprouts a branching tree of wax candles! If that little one who is staggering along with a big rose in each hand should bump against it, woe to the Kindergarten ideas which have been so carefully sown in its precious brain! Ah! The Exhibition see-er has been dreaming! The children, bless them, are all safe at home; and this is vase-day, or rather vase-mouth, at the great world's fair.

"I don't much expect to live to go through another Centennial," said rather an elderly looking woman to her still more elderly spouse, "and I feel as tho' I must *hev* a pair of *them Cheeny* vases to set on my *setting-room* mantle-tre-shelf"——— This remark happily recalled us to the great vase region, from which we had unconsciously wandered. The vases on which the old lady had set her heart proved to be among the oddities of the collection. Instead of having external decorations, they come very near having internal ones. They had fully formed figures in niches. The niches were quite deep, window-shaped, and proportionately large, occupying all the suitable space on the front of the vase. In one of these windows sat a comfortable, corpulent official-looking "Celestial," clad in the ever voluminous drapery, and receiving either the homage or the petitions of———perhaps the vase makers. The square, block-like handles furnished a platform, for strange figures—representing, doubtless, Chinese politicians—for there were foxes and wolves tricked out in men's clothing.———In the other window sat a Chinese woman, fat and fair as the official himself, and still more gaily clothed. Before her pink enamelled cheeks and almond eyes, she held a huge fan, apparently to shield her (to us undiscoverable) beauty from the public gaze. On the balcony were the milder animals, such as the cat and poodle, becomingly arrayed in the Chinese female finery. The ever present serpent was not visible, but we imagined that a Pandorical looking box held it in durance only until the "fair one's" curiosity should enable it to slide out and assume its proper position in the household.

The admiring old lady, however, did not succeed in obtaining these strange specimens. They were already sold.———Another very odd and still more ancient specimen, may have subsequently attracted the old lady's attention. This was covered all over the ever recurring jungle of trees, flowers, birds, bugs, butterflies, scorpians, serpents and celestial maidens. Its shape is that of the old fashioned iron tea-kettle, and it may be intended to represent the great-great grandmother of the race. It is capacious enough to accommodate a dozen or two of the ordinary size. Instead of the "regulation" (Dragon) handle it is furnished with two awkward looking trumpet-shaped spouts. This monster thing is squatted down like a first-class nightmare on the backs of three cranes, which in turn rest on three hats. Truly the cranes must have cast iron backs, and the hats cast iron crowns, in order to support such an enormous weight.

Hu Kioang Yung, the exhibitor of the tea-kettle vase, and also of a dark green glass vase, four inches high and 500 years old, is said to be the *richest man in China*. If he has made himself rich out of such objects as these, he must have at least a truly Barnum-like aptitude for the "show business." We are assured the green glass vase as well the queer rowdyish looking old tea-kettle vase is a "master-piece of ancient Japanese art," so unique that no modern artisan is able to imitate it successfully. Let us return thanks, and indulge the hope that the humanitarian work, which should be our proper pride, may not be dropped in the vain effort to reproduce these *old inimitables*.

Although the Japanese have the tallest vases in the Exhibition, the Berlinese have at least, (proportionlly speaking,) the broadest. None of the German vases tower above the "human form divine." In case of utilization they could be easily reached by a woman's hand, though we might stand aghast at the "bushel baskets full" of flowers it would require to fill their enormous mouths. Boquet makers may not be practical enough for ordinary purposes, but they can usually appreciate the florist's difficulties. We feel quite sure there are not flowers enough in Horticultural Hall to properly supply their wide-mouthed vases. Mr. Waterer, of London, with his "tented" variety of 200 Rhododendrons, might at one time have been able to fill their capacious maw; but the American florist would most likely feel very much discouraged at the bare idea of so large an undertaking. The ornamentations, however, are not so distracting. Compared with the Chinese and Japanese, they give something like repose to the eye and mind.

Pictures of historical and poetical interest grace their portly sides. Careful copies from the old works of a Guido or a Raphael please the fancy and carry us back to the rich galleries of Italy and the fast fading master pieces of her renowned artists. The poet Schiller's vision of a scene in the tomb of the Emperor Charlemagne, gleams out softly from the rich olive green of one of the large porcelain vases. It is not considered the best of the collection, but there is something attractive in the sculptured repose of the old king,—the bowed and sombre figures of the attendants, the graceful group of youthful courtiers and the green velvet robes of King Otto. (Not unlike, perhaps, the royal robes which Dom Pedro was reported to have worn, but didn't, at the Exhibition opening.)

The Aurora vase after Guido, with its blue sky, its gilded chariot, its dashing steeds, its winged heralds of the sun, and its heavy gilded rim and handles, is a much gayer and more extensive piece of workmanship. Then there are vases representing Eurydice and Europia—after the more modern celebrities, such as Drolling and Pierre. Last, but not least, are what might be called the old military vases. One represents Napoleon at an inn. The other, two horsemen in ancient armor. One of the mailed warriors is raising his vizor and drinking from a mug taken from the hand of a pretty girl at the window of an old-fashioned hostelrie. The bright roan color of one of the horses and the gay trappings of both from a pleasing contrast to the grey time-blotched walls which form the background of the picture. All these specimens are from the Royal manufactory of Berlin, and probably give us a fair idea of what Germany is able to accomplish at the present time in the potter's art. In the early part of the century she was conceded to be far in advance of both England and France in this branch of manufacture. Since then there has been a marked decadence, and she has lost something of her former fame. In one of the late London Exhibitions her art decorations were criticized as "too laboriously good to be excellent," "and were said to be characterized by that frigid propriety, compared with which the wildest extravagance of French art work is agreeable and fascinating."

Austrian-Hungary, Germany's brilliant twin sister, sends us beautiful Bohemian vases, with snowy scenes from Lapland, flushed with dying crimson and made lively by the graceful reindeer, which scampers wildly across their glassy surfaces. There are also the pure and undefiled crystal vases, delicate and airial as a soap bubble, with no stain of color, but frosted over with bands of fairies in graceful attitudes, as tho' beating time "to the music of elf-horns faintly blowing." So fragile are they as to seem at a distance like vasiform spirits floating in the mid air of the Exhibition. Not so, however. They have been caught and safely secured in shining standards of elaborate silver net-work. Still we dare not touch them, lest they disappear in the mist and sunshine out of which they seem to be formed. The ruby and emeral vases belong, of course, to a lower order of artistic work; but to lovers of exquisite coloring they are very fascinating. A pair of ruby vases, ornamented with gold, perhaps attracts a greater number of admirers than the perfectly chaste and colorless ones. They are 3½ feet high and are valued at $900. This to the uninitiated may seem an enormous price, but it is small in comparison with the value attached to the best specimens of Bohemian work. They are too valuable and too frail to be trusted to take a journey across the Atlantic Ocean. The Bohemians are said to be the successful rivals of the Venetians, who formerly carried off the palm in ornamental glass making, yet it seems that they in turn are losing ground, for they can exhibit nothing from their manufactories to-day which will compare with the famous Barberini vase in the British Museum. This wonderful vase has the reputation of being a *chef d'oeuvre* which the most skillful modern glass blowers find it impossible to successfully imitate.

A little farther on and we are again in danger of being spell bound by the lesser army of more substantial and ever charming French vases. Here we have medallions imbued in heavenly blue, sunset crimson, pale gold and emerald grounds, with exquisite heads of Hebe's, Cupids, Pachyce's, Madonnas, and Angels. So clear and bright are they in coloring, so perfect and graceful in finish as to tempt, (one would imagine) even the old buried Etruscans, to rise up in a spasm of jealousy from their earthquake beds. Something quite out of the ordinary style in Sevres vases are the memorial vases, designed by Bracquemond and sculptured by Delaplanche. The design is a new one, or rather a new application of old forms and the vases which are quite large are to be duly niched (if Philadelphia is willing) in Memorial Hall. They are emblematical of America's struggle, victory and growth. Not only is the nation's birth represented, but the names of the men who were present on that momentous occasion, are emblazoned above the scene in letters of gold. The sculptured head of the "Father of our country," relieved by a blue background of golden stars, rises aloft in almost royal dignity from the rim of one of these vases. We looked in vain to find on its companion piece the head of (Martha Washington) the "Mother of our country." In her place of course, was the ever present, ever meaningless, half Indian, half American, Anglo-Saxon, Grecian, Roman, "what not," mis-called the Goddess of Liberty. Never did the face of Martha Washington look so good, so noble, to our mind's eye, as when compared with that of this youthful, pert Miss Liberty, whom the Limoges artists have thoughtlessly allowed to usurp her rightful place. What a thousand pities that such an unrepresentative female should be permitted to go down to posterity as the companion of our "first great chief." Will not some one suggest that the Limoges artists substitute the head of the true wife, or else have written in enduring letters—"This is not Mrs. Washington, but the artist's conception of a much more youthful and less exalted character." There are twenty other vases representing the best work of the Sevres manufactories, and set apart from the common herd in Memorial Hall. It is inferred from this that they are to be ranked as works of art. This is, after all, unfortunate. Judging from the ordinary standard which ignores the difficulties to be overcome and takes note only of the effect produced, they are, (if not absolute failures) at least, in pleasure giving, qualities far below most of the inferior pictures and statuary of the exhibition. Who, for instance, would turn from the charming Italian marbles representing children in every phase of sorrow and delight, from the joyous butterfly chase and rapturous bubble blowing, to the dreaded morning bath and evening prayers, and expect to find pleasure in the representation of a naked child sitting drearily in the calyx of a sunflower, with which one of the fines Sevres vases is decorated? Does any one think that a child, even tho' a genius naturally, delights in compasses, globes, statuettes, and scrolls, or would be apt to sit calmly and cross-legged on the hairy calyx of a flower, while beautiful butterflies go streaming past and lovely ducks poke their heads out from between the lily pods (or rosettes) which cluster at the base of the handles? Do our children grow upon trapezes, or gambol with the puzzling emblems of the arts and sciences? Of course it is a difficult thing to do.

"Then why not give it up altogether?" as a matter-of-fact American mother said, when a list of the difficulties of Sevres vase decoration were presented to her. If the shining bodies of these vases are so highly wrought as to refuse to mingle with the "decorative" colors, then why attempt to force a union of such incongruous elements? Why not let us have blue de roi—blue celeste—and rose du Barry all alone in their lustrous beauty, or simply studded with three exquisite medallions which seem only like a gem of painting thrown upon another gem of color? Since the year 1800 the Sevres manufactures have steadily declined in importance. It is quite possible that a tendency to over-elaborate or unsuitable ornament has wrought this evil.

Russia, who informs us through her Commissioners that "her motive in taking part in our Exhibition is political, not commercial," sends us (oh wherefore) costly malachite and Lapis Lazuli vases. The largest malachite is three and a-half feet high. It is hewn out of the solid ore and finished in the highest style of Muscovite art. The pair is valued at $4,500. Another pair eighteen inches high, similar in style and of the same precious material, is valued at $650.

Glancing at the art history of Russia, we find it of quite a recent date. It has only been within the last fifteen or twenty years that a National Art School has been established. Since then her artists have been zealously seeking out the buried remains of her ancient relics and receiving fresh inspiration from the treasures, which have so long lain hidden in the palaces of her kings. Her success has been something almost marvellous and she is now kindly demonstrating to us this fact. No wonder that the Jesuits of Rome are beginning to suspect that "America is to become the ally of Russia in annihilating the power and prosperity of England." We confess it looks strange and ominous when a nation sends us only a few costly vases. If the Russians had sent thousands of car-loads like the Japanese, we should have known at once that the motive was commercial instead of political.

Meanwhile, dear little mother England, free from the pangs of jealousy, ignoring the fierce predictions of the far-seeing Jesuit, and possibly ignorant of great Russia's "foul intent," sends us a generous supply of "right out-and-out" handsome vases. We can sit down and enjoy them. They are not above our comprehension or our criticism. We have a suspicion, that they are about what we would make if we should drop more important matters and go heart and soul into the vase business. We should probably come at it through a series of blunders, just as our English brothers have. We are informed that the Royal manufactory tried its skill at making immense porcelain vases for the Exhibition of 1851; and had their shape (which was that of the Indian enlarged) criticised as "clumsy, inelegant and vulgar." Quite a grave mistake was also made in the execution of a very large and expensive enamelled vase. Several thousand dollars worth of ornament, in the porcelain style, was wasted upon it, which instead of beautifying it, only made it necessary to inform the exhibition visitor that it was really an enamelled vase. Even now some of their specimens may be open to criticism. Handles made of "ram's head, twisted," may be in harmony with the Louis XIV style, but strikes us as rather fierce for that of Queen Victoria and too obtrusive to please her own peaceful subjects or their brothers and sisters across the way. Besides it is not asking too much of those four delicate-looking Cupids, who have undertaken to support the vase, to have so much "twisted ram's head" piled on top? Still in Genre painting, the English vases excel all others. "The Cottagers at the Well;" "The Boy in Papa's Boots and the Girl in Mamma's Trails," as well as the graceful feline scenes displayed on the kitten vases, even a child can comprehend and enjoy. For more mature minds there are subjects from Landseer and Bouchur, of animals and various scenes of rustic and domestic beauty, painted or sculptured by Rousse, Carrier, Cartledge and Protat.

Conspicuous among the English vases, is the already famous Helicon vase, exhibited by Elkington & Co.,—England's most enterprising art workers in precious and other metals, and original inventors and patentees of the electro-plate. In a description which they have kindly furnished us, we are informed of a previous determination to rival the old Japanese artists in Cloisoune enamel. The Helicon vase is sent us as the crowning point of that worthy determination. Six years were consumed in its execution, and it is valued at 30,000 gold dollars. It is illustrative of music and poetry and has engraved on one side the names of the old poets, with that of Sappho—the famed female poet and inventor of the Sapphic verse—left out. The vase honor is not lacking in female figures. There are numerous mythical representations in this favorite form, and a whole band of muses,—wild, wierd and semi-draped. From the specimens which England sends us, it is evident that although she may not have arrived at the high standard she has set for herself in the various department of decorative art, still she is surely and rapidly progressing toward it.

Egypt, the mother of us all "the oldest nation in the world to the youngest sends" no vases worthy of mention. Still in her younger days she was famous for her manufacture of rare vases. The small blue crystal urn shaped vases, decorated with white and yellow festoons of flowers, which are now seldom seen except in the possession of collectors, are of Egyptian manufacture. In former times Egypt as well as Phoenicia and Italy made vases only for the nobility, and urns and lachrymatories for their tombs. Years of the best artistic labor were expended upon them, consequently they were very expensive. A pair of medium

aised vases in Nero's time, were said to have cost an almost fabulous sum. Such costly objects were not intended for the live common, sight-seeing mortal, but for the "distinguished dead." They were consecrated from the very beginning to the mystic rites of the Labyrinthine Temple, or buried in the sacred mummy pits by the side of silent kings and sacred crocodiles. Egypt above all others, we know, is famous for "colossial works of art;" still we have never learned that she indulged in the manufacture of colossial vases. Perhaps they do not admire "big vases." They would certainly be inconvenient for interment. Even if they are fortunate enough to possess any of the larger size, they may have seen fit to keep them at home, as company for their other colossials, the Pyramids and Spynxes. It is quite in keeping with the exclusive nature of this ancient people to keep their art curiosities closely veiled from the vulgar gaze.

Strangely enough, however, *artless* little Denmark, who refuses to have an art history exclusively her own, dares to exhibit, just in the rear of the "sacred crocodile," numerous terra cotta specimens in imitation of Egyptian and Etruscan vases. They are so faithfully copied that one would almost imagine them to be freshly dug up. They are plentifully marked with the gnawing tooth of time, and display remnants of flowers and geometrical designs, dim with age as the paintings of a Raphael or Rembrant. Some of them are treated to modern improvements in the shape of handles and noses in perplexing variety. There is the high nose—Roman, of course—the depressed nose, the broad nose—African, perhaps—the narrow nose, the big nose—Indian possibly—and the little nose. In short there are noses in almost superfluous numbers, since it is not necessary that vases should have any noses at all. The old standard Etruscans being almost entirely noseless. The flowers of the modernized Danish vases are very brilliantly painted and need only to be buried a few hundred years to become as valuable as the Etruscans themselves.

The American vase exibit is very small. The Bryant silver vase has its good qualities and its glaring defects. Its form is graceful and its floral decorations, excellent. Otherwise it is strained and unrepresentative. When our artisans attempt classical forms, they are observed to get them strangely awry, as though the classical form was built on a different principle from the present flesh and blood individual. The designer begins by informing us that vases are commemorative of the age in which they are fashioned, and forgets before he has finished, that old six-stringed harps and rude block-like printing presses cannot properly represent our present progress and industries. If this vase were to be our only record, not a shadow of what we are would reach into the future.

The American century vase, exhibited by Gorham & Co., is to begin with objectionable on account of its form, which gives it the appearance rather of a miniature model for a fountain than of a vase proper. Of its ornamentation we will say little—as it has been so much described—except that it is perhaps a good beginning in art, and that the Indian and Bison are preferable to classical creations, with which we as yet have had nothing to do. They are also our own; and though they may be at present in an uncouth and unfinished state, so far as "high art" is concerned, yet if we will only persevere with them we may hope in time to be able to invent an art period, which unlike that of the Danish, shall be characteristically our own. As it is, no doubt, we are as a nation far below the accepted standard in vase-making. Still we need not be hopelessly discouraged. After all it is not so much the cup out of which we drink or the vase out of which we smell, as it is the welfare of human nature itself with which we have to do. Let the physical being be cultivated into soundness and the soul into fragrance, and these externals of which we now think so much will stand number two in the world's great warehouse.

JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

By Miss M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

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CHAPTER XLVI.

"DOES HE SUSPECT THE TRUTH?

Captain Pentreath went back to London on business of his own. He had to wind up his affairs with the shipowners who had employed him from the beginning of his career, and this was no easy matter, for the owners had rarely had so good a captain, and were disinclined to lose him. Arnold had made up his mind that his place was on shore for some time to come. His brother had left him the stewardship of the estate, and he meant to be faithful to that trust till Oswald came back to claim his own, if it pleased God to bring him back safely by-and-by—a result for which Arnold most fervently prayed. The neglect into which all things had fallen appealed strongly to the Captain's love of order; there was a pleasure for him in making crooked things straight. He assumed the command at Combhollow with as much decision as if he had been on board ship; and people obeyed him just as his sailors had done; and it is to be remarked that the most popular commander is the captain who is best obeyed.

Business kept him in London some time; but when he went back to Combhollow he was a free man, and his career as land steward lay before him—till Oswald's return. Hope had argued the question with fear, until Arnold had taught himself to believe that the idea of Oswald's suicide was a morbid delusion of Joshua Haggard's, and that sooner or later, the welcome letter would come from some remote spot of earth, to say that the young Squire had forgotten his griefs, and was happy, and was homeward bound.

It was May when Captain Pentreath returned to the Grange, in this more hopeful state of mind. The Exeter coach came into Combhollow at five o'clock in the afternoon and after a hasty dinner Arnold went straight to the minister's house. He had made no friendships in his native place, and it seemed to him that Naomi Haggard was the nearest and dearest to him in his home. Had Oswald remained true, she would have been his sister. He felt all a brother's tenderness for her already.

"She shall be my sister," he told himself; "my friend and counsellor. Both our lives have been made lonely."

Mr. Haggard's family had just finished tea when Arnold was ushered into the parlor. Sally had been carrying out the tea-board when she heard his knock, and had been so flurried by such an unusual circumstance as to be scarcely able to deposit her burden on the kitchen table without loss or damage. When she opened the door and saw Captain Pentreath, she gave utterance to one of those suppressed screams with which she always greeted his likeness to his brother. "It was like seeing the young Squire come back again, broader-chested and nobler looking," she told Jim, with whom she was on more confidential terms than with any other member of the household. Aunt Judith had gone back to the shop; Naomi sat reading by the open window; Joshua was in his armchair, his head thrown back upon the cushion, his eyes half closed. He was resting himself after one of those pilgrimages over hill and dale which had of late sorely exhausted him. His whole life was much more exhausting than it had been, the candle was being burned more fiercely. Traces of fatigue showed plainly in the sharpened lines of his face, in the pallor of his skin, and the shadows about his eyes.

There was no one else in the room.

Joshua Haggard opened his eyes and started up. He looked at Arnold curiously for a moment or so, as if he scarcely knew him—like a man not quite released from the thraldom of a dream.

"I'm afraid I've disturbed you in a comfortable nap, Mr. Haggard," said Arnold.

"No, I was hardly asleep—only resting."

"You look as if you had much need of rest."

"Do I?" asked the minister, musingly. "Well, the scabbard must wear out in time, I suppose. It matters little, if the sword is only bright to the last."

"You don't ask me if I have found out anything about my brother in London," said Arnold.

"Because I don't expect to hear that you have. I have told you my opinion," replied Joshua, gloomily.

"It is an opinion which I will never entertain until it is forced upon me by positive proof. My watchword is, Hope—yes, Naomi, hope," he added, turning to Joshua's daughter, who was looking at him gravely, with no answering ray of hope in her sad eyes.

He held out his hand to her, and they shook hands warmly, like brother and sister. Joshua sank back in his chair, and took up an open volume from the table, and resumed his reading, as if to indicate that he had no more to say to his visitor.

This reception was so cold as to be scarcely civil; but Arnold was not going to take offence easily. He wanted to know more of Naomi. In his mind she was the only person who could thoroughly sympathize with him in his longing for the absent, or in his grief for the lost. She alone in Combhollow had fondly loved his brother.

He began to talk of indifferent subjects, trying to infuse a little cheerfulness into the conversation; but there was a leaden gloom in the atmosphere of the minister's parlor which Arnold had no power to brighten. Naomi listened and replied with grave attention.

She was gentle and friendly, but he could not win a smile from her. She seemed weighed down by an unconquerable melancholy.

"Do they ever smile, I wonder?" thought Arnold. "Or has the household always this funereal air? Is it grief for my absent brother that makes her so sad? I should have given her credit for strength of mind to surmount such a grief, or at least to hide it. And the parson—well! I suppose that gloomy cast of countenance is simply professional."

Despite Naomi's lack of cheerfulness, Captain Pentreath was interested in her. That melancholy look lent a poetic air to her beauty. He felt that she was a woman of deepest feelings, one would love but once and love for ever. Even Oswald's inconstancy had not weakened her affection. He would have given much to be alone with her again for a little while, to have talked freely with her, heart to heart. He felt as if he could have spoken about his brother, and his brother's errors, without wounding her. But that figure of the minister sitting between him and the light, oppressed him like a waking nightmare. There came an awkward silence presently, and Arnold felt he had no more to say, and must needs take his leave.

He had just risen to depart when the door opened, and a girl with fair hair, pale face, and Puritan cap, came into the room.

At sight of him she gave a faint cry and put her hand to her heart, and then, with a great effort of self-restraint, made him a grave courtesy, and crossed the room to an empty chair near Joshua.

"My God!" cried Arnold, turning very pale.

The sudden apparition wrung the exclamation from him before he had time to summon up his self-command. This was the face he had seen in his brother's journal. This was Joshua's young wife, of whose girlish beauty he had heard people talk, but whom he had never seen till this moment, for she had been ailing of late, and had kept much in her own room. And this was Oswald's fatal love—a love so wildly foolish, so deeply dishonorable, that it might well work the ruin of him who harbored it.

Joshua looked up as the door opened, and heard Cynthia's cry and Arnold's ejaculation, and saw the pale, startled look of one, the utter amazement of the other.

"He will be like his brother, perhaps," he thought gloomily, an angry shadow stole over his dark face. He looked at his wife as she seated herself quietly near him. She was very white, and her lips trembled. This sudden appearance of Oswald Pentreath's brother affected her as if she had seen a ghost.

Arnold took a hurried leave of the minister and his daughter, made a grave bow to Cynthia and was gone. He could not have conversed calmly after the revelation which had surprised and shocked him. It was an awful thing to know that his brother had been guilty enough to fix his affections here.

Did Joshua know or suspect the truth? Yes, Arnold thought, he did suspect, and this suspicion was the cause of his coldness about Oswald, and that gloomy tone which suggested animosity.

Having discovered the fatal siren who had beguiled his brother from the paths of peace, Arnold's next desire was to be able to question her about her brother's fate. Who so likely to be in the secret of Oswald's intentions at the time he left Combhollow, as the woman he loved? Doubtless he had contrived to see her during his brief residence at the Grange, and he told her what he meant to do with his life.

The difficulty was for Arnold to obtain an interview with Joshua's wife without doing harm of some kind. Joshua was unfriendly and repellant in his manner, very ready to suspect evils, no doubt, of anyone bearing the name of Pentreath. Arnold had also to consider Naomi's feelings. It was just possible that she was ignorant of her stepmother's part in the tragedy of her life.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE REVELATION.

Accident brought about a meeting which could have been only contrived with difficulty. Arnold had been out for a long rambling ride on Herne on the third day after his return to the Grange, and coming slowly homeward in the afternoon sunshine he overtook Cynthia Haggard walking alone in one of the green lanes just outside Combhollow. She was walking very slowly, with bent head and listless step, like one whose thoughts are far away from the scenes that surround her.

The full western light shone through the young oak leaves, the hawthorns were fleecy masses of white blossoms, and filled the air with perfume, the sea glittered above the waving line of the hedge, and through the deep cleft in the rich red bank the little town of Combhollow showed its tiled roofs, and many gables, its mellow thatches, and cool gray slates, and shining ochre walls that seemed made of sunlight.

Arnold slipped quietly from his horse and put the bridle over his arm. Herne, having been as fiendish in behavior as in name during the first of his day's work, was now in a calm and philosophic mood, and cropped the young ferns contently.

"Mrs. Haggard, may I have a few words with you?" Arnold asked, gently.

Cynthia had looked up startled at the sound of the horse's hoofs. She dropped a curtsey, and answered nervously—

"If you please, sir."

"You wonder what I can have to say to you, perhaps?"

"Yes, sir."

"And yet you must know that my mind is full of anxiety about my brother."

Her cheek crimsoned, and then paled.

"I am—we are all anxious," she said. "It is so strange that he has not written to you. He was not likely to write to anyone else—but to you, his brother, of whom he was so fond."

"You have heard him talk about me, then?" inquired Arnold.

"Very often. He looked forward so anxiously to your return."

"Would to God I had come sooner! I might have kept him at home, perhaps. Come, Mrs. Haggard, be candid with me. This mystery about my brother is making me very wretched. Cannot you help me? You may know something, perhaps, which no one else knows—something which might enlighten me as to his intentions when he left home. For Heaven's sake, be truthful with me. Do not be afraid to trust me. I know the trouble that made my brother leave his country. A diary of his fell into my hands a little while ago, with the story of his unhappy love written in it. I know it was for your sake that he became an exile. I implore you to tell me all you can that may help me to discover his fate."

Cynthia trembled, and grew deadly pale, yet looked at her questioner steadily. There was innocence in the look, Arnold thought. This was no guilty wife—but, not the less, a most unhappy woman.

"I know that he was going to America," answered Cynthia, "and i know no more than that."

"Did you see him on that last day?"

"I did. But pray do not tell Naomi or anyone else. No one knows of our meeting. It was a secret. He wished to say good-bye to me before he went."

"Were you the last person who saw him?"

"I think so. When he left me, he was going to the coach."

"Are you sure he meant to go by the coach?"

"He told me so."

Arnold's countenance fell. This gave a darker aspect to the affair.

"What time in the day did you see him?"

"About four o'clock in the afternoon."

"And where did you meet?"

"Will you promise to tell no one?"

"Yes, I promise."

"On Matcherly Common, by the old shaft."

"I know the place. We have played there many a time when we were children. Are you sure that no one knew of your meeting?"

"Quite sure."

"And that no one met you, or watched you, that afternoon?"

"I saw no one. I do not believe that anyone saw me."

"My brother told you he meant to leave by the coach; yet he did not leave by it. You saw him at four o'clock that last afternoon, and I cannot bear of anyone who saw him after that hour. It is strange—alarming even—is it not?"

"Very strange. But I trust in God that he is safe; though we do not know where he is."

"That's an easy way of putting it," said Arnold, with a shade of bitterness.

"No one can be more sorry for him than I am," answered Cynthia, with a sudden sob. "It is my sin to be sorry."

"Poor child! Forgive me for speaking harshly. I fancy sometimes that everyone except myself is indifferent to my brother's fate. Your husband thinks he committed suicide; but I can't and won't believe that. You don't believe it, do you?" he asked, turning upon her quickly.

"Oh, no, no, no," she cried, with a startled look, full of pain, as if the idea were new to her. "He would never do that. He would never be so wild—so guilty—as to shoot himself, like Werther."

"Who is Werther?"

"A man in a book your brother read to us; but it was a real person, who was very unhappy, and who shot himself. He did not seem to know that suicide was a sin. But I cannot believe that Osward would be so rash. Oh, no, no, God forbid that he should be tempted to such a dreadful deed. I cannot think it. He was very calm when we bade each other good-bye. He blessed me, and promised to take more heed of serious things in days to come than he had done in days past."

"And there was no wildness in his manner? He did not talk like a desperate man?"

"No, indeed."

"I thank you for having been truthful and Frank. It is a sad story. Would to God that he had been constant and faithful to that noble girl, your step-daughter!"

He could not spare her this implied reproach. His brother's fate seemed ever so much darker to him after what he had just heard; and for all this sorrow and uncertainty, the fair young creature standing by his side was in some measure to blame. Even that last secret meeting might have been in some wise the turning point of his destiny.

"Had you been in the habit of meeting my brother secretly?" he asked presently. "Had you met him often before that day?"

"Never in my life before," answered Cynthia, with an indignant look; "I should not have gone then, even though he made my going a last favor, if I had not had a purpose in seeing him. I thought I might win him back to Naomi. I know he had once loved her dearly; and I thought perhaps it needed but a few words to awaken the old love in his heart."

"And do you think you were the best preacher to preach that sermon?" asked Arnold. "Well, you acted for the best, I dare say; and again I thank you for your candor. But I am no nearer the secret of my brother's fate than I was an hour ago. Good-bye!"

He raised his hat and left her with a somewhat formal salutation, not offering her his hand. There was resentment in his heart against this fair-faced wife who had spoiled Naomi's life and his own. He led Herne to the end of the lane, and there mounted him, and trotted quickly home, the sagacious animal scenting the oats and clover in his now luxurious stable.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EXHIBITION NOTES.

MANY new exhibits are being daily received in all the buildings. The owners want the people to see them, even if they are too late for competition.

LIEUT. DUNCAN, Co. A Centennial Guards, has been placed under arrest by the commanding officer of the guards pending an investigation into his accounts.

THE Siamese collection, in the Navy Department of the Government Building is being rapidly placed in position for exhibit and attracts considerable attention as illustrating the domestic life of a strange people.

IT is estimated that an average of 95,000 cash admissions per day for the balance of the Exhibition will be required, in order to increase the daily average cash attendance for the whole 159 days of the Exhibition to 50,000.

MANY of the foreign exhibits in the Main Building are stuck all over with neat little signs of "Sold for Frank Leslie's Centennial Souvenir Distribution." When people ask, as they continually do, what that means, they are referred to splashing advertisements in the daily papers. With his pictures and gifts to his subscribers, bought in the Exhibition, Leslie seems to be "working" the Centennial field thoroughly.

A PRETTY little story will now go the rounds of the papers that a lady at the Centennial recently broke with the point of her parasol the cat's cradle of the little statue of that name, and that the tiny bars of marble had to be replaced with thread, the lady being obliged to pay $500 for the accident. It will be news to visitors at the gallery that there ever were any bars of marble to break, as the cat's cradle has been represented by a very incongruous piece of string at least ever since the Exposition opened.

THE official record of the attendance for the first week of the present month shows a daily average of cash visitors of 78,205, inclusive of 716 admissions during the week at half fee. The total of admission at the regular rate was 468,524, as follows:—

Monday,	October 2	83,863
Tuesday,	October 3	77,536
Wednesday,	October 4	87,577
Thursday,	October 5	68,924
Friday,	October 6	76,046
Saturday,	October 7	74,576

To the Live Stock Exhibition 8798 cash visitors were admitted.

AMONG the recent accessions to the display by the United States Navy Department at the Exhibition is that of a boat called Faith, which was used on both the first and second Grinnell expeditions. It is one of three boats which Dr. Kane and party, on leaving the Advance in 1855, hauled a distance of 80 miles over the ice to the open sea, and then 1,000 miles to Disco. The interesting relic has been somewhat battered and looks the worse for age, and near the bow the bottom has been broken. It is fifteen feet long, with unusual width of beam.

THE Centennial Commission in secret session recently adopted the following:—

Resolved, That the Commission adheres to its determination to close the Exhibition on the 10th day of November, and exhibitors will therefore be at liberty to commence the removal of their goods on the morning of the 11th of November, in accordance with the regulations.

Resolved, That in order to permit persons to enter the grounds and buildings to receive articles which were sold to be delivered at the close of the Exhibition, and to afford exhibitors an opportunity to dispose of unsold articles, an admission of fifty cents be charged during the week following the close of the Exhibition, and as long thereafter as the Director-General may deem necessary and expedient for the interest of the exhibitors.

THE United States Centennial Map has just been placed in the west end of the Government Building. It was prepared for the Exhibition at the General Land Office, and is 17 feet in height by 22 feet in length, and divided into nine sections, each mounted on a separate stretcher. The whole is enclosed in a massive frame of walnut, bird's-eye maple and ebony, and weighs 2000 pounds. It shows the extent of all surveys, Indian and military reservations, land grants, railroads, canals, cities and towns, and, in fact, every possible detail, from the most authentic sources. This work was made entirely by hand, and occupied nine men for a period of nine months in its completion.

THE New York *World* of a late date thus handsomely speaks of the Exposition: The attendance of the last has made the Centennial a success as exhibitions go; whether it has made it a financial success absolutely is another question. But at least nothing like the dismal breakdown of Vienna can now be feared for it, and since all world's fairs are foredoomed to lose money for their projectors, it is not too early to be considerably encouraged about Philadelphia's world's fair. We have not the figures of Paris and Vienna at hand, but the greatest day of the London Exhibition of 1862 had 67,801 visitors, against 251,323 on "Pennsylvania Day" at the Centennial, and 118,719 on New York Day, when there were, we believe, no half fees taken.

THERE is now in operation between the Signal Service section of the Centennial Exhibition and the Chief Signal Office at Washington, on a circuit about 150 miles long, an instrument which transmits by telegraph the weather maps of the Signal Service, heretofore produced only in Washington. These maps contain what are called the isobaric lines, or lines running through the points where the barometer stands highest or lowest, and they show as well the different weather areas of the country. It has hitherto been impossible to present these maps to the public, owing to the inability of the ordinary telegraph to transmit anything but words or figures. This invention reproduces the map entire, with its lines and figures. It is then lithographed and printed for distribution on the presses with which the signal office is supplied.

THE Park Commission having failed to concur with the general opinion that the Main Building, in the Centennial Grounds, should remain as a permanent structure for exhibition purposes, a conference of a committee of the commission, the Centennial Committee of City Councils, and a committee of citizens was recently held at the office of the Park Commission, No. 251 South Fourth street, to ascertain if some arrangement satisfactory to all parties could not be made. It was shown that in case the building was permitted to remain the money for its purchase could probably be secured by the first of January, and the conference was then concluded. The committee of the Park Commissioners will report the result of the conference at a meeting of the Commission, which will be called for the purpose as soon as practicable, and then the question in regard to the retention of the Main Building will doubtless be finally settled. It cannot be doubted that a decision in favor of retention would give great satisfaction to a majority of our citizens.

NEWS NOTES.

All the streets of Metz have been renamed in German.

THE Illinois corn crop for this year is estimated at 270,000,000 bushels.

AN extensive Free Trade League has been formed at Melbourne, Australia.

AN unsuccessful attempt has been made to assassinate the President of Hayti.

ONLY dead letters containing anything of value will be returned after the 10th inst.

The recent heavy equinoctial gales have done much damage to the shipping on Lake Ontario.

BRIGHAM YOUNG has been ordered to pay over to Eliza her due, or suffer for contempt of court.

THE revenue derived in England last year from the taxes on gold and silver-plate amounted to over $191,360.

TEXAS is as large as France, and while she is capable of raising the tropical fruit, her principal trade is in cattle.

QUARANTINE regulations have been removed by the Augusta, Ga., health authorities so far as Charleston is concerned.

THE *Bien Public*, formerly M. Thiers' organ, has been sold by auction for 67,000 francs, and the purchaser is M. Rouher.

THE Agricultural Bureau of Georgia costs each citizen a cent and a quarter per year, and last year saved the farmers $500,000.

THE census of Brazil has just been taken. It indicates a population of 9,930,000 souls, including 1,510,000 slaves, and 243,000 foreigners.

SENTENCES of imprisonment varying from one to fourteen years were passed upon fifteen convicted Molly Maguires, of Pottsville last week.

A MAN suspected to be the Frank James who took so prominent a part in the Northfield Bank raid, has been captured and is now in custody.

THE Austrian artillery service is being supplied with steel bronze guns, said to be vastly cheaper, as well as capable of greater service than steel.

SINCE the surrender of Tweed some informal action has been taken with a view to negotiate an extradition treaty between the United States and Spain.

AN attempt by Chinese merchants to establish a line of steamers between Shanghai and Japanese ports has failed, and the enterprise has been abandoned.

THE Yale Law School, following the example of the Harvard and Boston law schools, has recently extended its course to a prospective term of three years.

A MADRID dispatch states that the Bishop of Minorca has issued a new circular enjoining on masters of primary schools not to admit the sons of Protestants.

THE Alexandria Palace Company, London, has filed a petition in bankruptcy. The Alexandra Palace is a well-known place of amusement on Muswell Hill.

DISPATCH to Reuter's Telegram Company from Athens reports that the great popular demonstrations continue to be made in favor of warlike preparations.

CRUDE petroleum to the amount of 242,412 barrels has been destroyed by lightning and other casualties in Pennsylvania since January 1st of this year.

FIVE cadets were dismissed from the Naval School at Annapolis, recently, for refusing to disclose the names of certain students concerned in a recent "hazing."

FOUR more illicit distillers have been brought to St. Louis from southeastern Missouri, by United States Marshal Wheeler, and in default of bail were sent to jail.

THE heirs of William Penn now receive from the British government, and are to receive forever, $20,000 a year, in compensation for their proprietary rights to Pennsylvania.

IT is stated that all differences between Spain and the United States have been arranged, and that a friendly feeling now prevails between the two governments.

JUDGE SHIPMAN of the United States Court (N. Y.) has decided that the government shall collect tax not upon the actual production of a distillery but upon its capacity.

THE city of Aix, France, is preparing to celebrate its two thousandth anniversary. A statue of the Roman General Marius, conqueror of the Cimbro-Teutons, is to be erected.

DURING the war the gross profits for one year of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, were $365,000—just $1000 per day. Since September 20, the receipts have been nearly $3000 per day.

THE Fitz-Greene Halleck statue, which is to be placed in Central Park, New York, has been finally cast in bronze. $1,500 are still needed to furnish it with a pedestal, contributions for which are received by Mr. William Cullen Bryant, of the New York *Post*.

THE New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals obtained 215 convictions between May 1st and October 1st for ill-treatment of animals; 1480 disabled horses were stopped in the streets and sent to their stables; 110 teams were found overloaded and the loads reduced; 239 worn-out animals were killed, and 78 sick horses taken to the hospital.

GOVERNOR SMITH, of Georgia, has just received an authorized proposal from an English company to put on a line of steamers between Savannah and Liverpool at once, provided the State will pay the company a bonus of $50,000 a year for three years. The proposal also gives a guarantee that 3000 respectable Irish or German immigrants shall be landed at Savannah each month and that the steamer shall run regular trips for ten years.

IT seems to be a well-established fact that the last three or four years have witnessed a return of the Jews to Palestine from every quarter of the globe. The number going from Russia is entirely unprecedented. The Hebrew population of Jerusalem is more than double what it was ten years ago, and the movement is going on rapidly. Most of the city property is now in the hands of Jews, who have gone there from other countries, and in a few years' time they will probably be the owners of the whole city.

OFFICIAL intelligence from Fort Laramie states that a ranchman, named Coffee, has come to the Fort and reported finding a camp of Indians on the Platte, twelve miles distant. There were several hundred pounds of fresh meat in the camp, and the scalp of a man killed on the Rawhide a few days previous. Captain Egan has gone to try to find this camp, if possible. The telegraph west of Fort Laramie is down, and supposed to be cut by Indians. The latter are stealing horses and cattle in the country near the Fort.

REVIEWS.

FALLEN FORTUNES, a novel, by James Payn, No. 58 in the library of choice novels published by D. Appleton & Co. It well sustains the reputation of the author already known to the public as the writer of "Lost Sir Massingbred," "Walter's Word," etc., and is worthy a place in this series, which is of unexcelled excellence. For sale by Remsen, Claxton & Haffelfinger.

Appleton's Journal, for November. An attractive number, in which we are treated to the early half of a romance of the First French empire, entitled "His Double," a story of unusual interest. "Renunciation," by Mr. Barton Grey; "Old Time France," by George M. Towle; "The Story of a French Literary Life," by J. H. Browne; "A California Wheat Harvest," by Albert F. Webster, are among the number of delightful papers which always grace the journal.

NEW MUSIC.—C. J. Whitney & Co., Detroit, Instrumental: "Shower of Blossoms;" "Moss-Rose Galop;" "On the Banks of the Weser;" "Listen to Me;" "With Life and Love;" "On a Journey;" "Good Humor March." Vocal: "Speed Well;" "O, Willie Boy Come Home;" "There's Nothing Like a Freshening Breeze," "In The Starlight;" "A Leaf from the Spray;" "Ever True;" "A Dear One is Waiting for Me;" "Uncheered by Love, No Place is Home;" "The Last Good Night."

S. BRAINARDS' SONS, Cleveland: "Hayes for President;" "Hold the Fort for Hayes and Wheeler;" "Grandly the Loyal Hosts are Marching;" "Vote as You Shot Boys;" "Sunlight On the Flag."

The Galaxy, for November, as usual is replete with good things. William Black continues his interesting novel "Madcap Violet;" J. T. Headley contributes a good article on "Burgoyne's Original Order Book;" Jane Grey Swisshelm deplores the want of national character in an article entitled "American Character." A seasonable article on "Recent English Fiction," appears from the pen of W. C. Brownell; "On Reading Shakespeare" is a scholastic treatise by Richard Grant White. There are interesting short sketches by E. W. Olney, Albert Rhodes, Titus Munson Coan, and Fanny Roper Fendge. "War Memories," by General Custer, is continued. Poems are contributed by Joaquin Miller, Mary Ainge DeVere, G. P. Lathrop, and Nora Perry. The miscellany is good.

Lippincott's Magazine.—Agriculture and Horticulture form the subject of the Centennial article in Lippincott's Magazine for November, and are treated with the fullness and ability that have characterized the whole series. Some of the finest displays in both sections are well represented in the engravings. Another illustrated paper is the first of two entitled "Walks and Visits in Wordsworth's Country," by Ellis Yarnall, a friend of the poet and his family. It gives not only good descriptions of the "Lake Region," but many interesting anecdotes and personal reminiscences. Professor Hart writes on "Higher Education" with the authority that belongs to his intimate study of the subject, and presents some novel views. The Wagner Festival is discussed in a short, readable paper; Lady Barker sends another of her South African Letters, and Lucy H. Hooper describes the "Curiosities of the Parisian Post-office." In the way of fiction we have the beginning of George Macdonald's new serial, "The Marquis of Lossie," which opens with some striking situations, and will be welcomed by all the author's admirers; a further installment of "Love in Idleness," and a pathetic and well-constructed story from the German, "The Pendulum of Fortune." In the "Monthly Gossip" the most noticeable paper is an unpublished story of Lord Byron and Mary Chaworth.

Scribner, for November, begins the thirteenth volume of that magazine and opens with a fully illustrated article on Hartford, by Mr. Charles H. Clark, of the Hartford *Courant*, under the title of "The Charter Oak City." Here are depicted Col. Colt's beautiful estate at Armsmear; the residences of Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner; the famous Charter Oak itself, and many other subjects of general interest. Mr. Clarence Cook continues his talk about furniture; Mr. C. F. Thwing gives us the result of his investigations in regard to the expenses of an education at the principal colleges,—including cost of board, etc. Donald G. Mitchell (Ik Marvel) writes about some of the features of the great Exhibition. There is an illustrated paper on Rome; a short story by James T. McKay, a writer well-known to the readers of the magazine; a short story by Mrs. Burnett, whose serial, "That Lass o' Lowrie's" is continued. Mr. Hale's story draws toward its close. There are poems by Thomas Baily Aldrich, George Parsons Lathrop, and others. In the departments at the end of the magazine, such subjects are discussed as Country Homes, American Art, Politics, the Jews, the proper treatment of infants, "Daniel Deronda," a new photographic process, etc. "Bric-a-brac," contains among other things, the ballad of the Fair Isolinda, by Hugh Howard; and The Old Hostler's Experience, by Irwin Russell.

Harper's Magazine.—The November number of this magazine opens with a poem by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," entitled "Magnus and Morna; a Shetland Fairy Tale," full of rich lyrical gems. Harriett Prescott Spofford contributes an article on "Mediæval Furniture," illustrated with thirty-two engravings; treating especially of the Gothic style and its modern adaptations. Horace E. Scudder's "A Puritan Gentleman in New England" gives the reader some very interesting glimpses of the domestic life of Governor John Winthrop. A. H. Guernsey, in another illustrated paper, gives a graphic description of an exploring picnic in the Indian Alps, under the title of an "Englishwoman among the Himalayas." Mrs. Martha J. Lamb contributes an interesting article upon the distinguished persons interred in the burial-grounds of Trinity and St. Paul's. A new story by Miss Thackeray is begun in this number; and the publishers announce the commencement in the December number of a new serial story by R. D. Blackmore, author of "Lorna Doone," "Alice Lorraine," "The Maid of Sker," etc. "A Woman-Hater," which has reached its fifth part, increases in interest. Interesting short stories are contributed by Constance Fenimore Woolson, Rebecca Harding Davis, Annie Thomas, and Mrs. E. T. Corbett. Professor Charles Murray-Nairne, of Columbia College, contributes a sketch of John Locke, which gives an estimate of the place held in the world of philosophy by the author of the "Essay on the Human Understanding." Poems are contributed by Bayard Taylor, Alfred H. Louis, George Lunt, A. F., and Edgar Fawcett. The Editorial Departments are unusually full and interesting.

A SORE THROAT, OR A DISTRESSING COUGH, is speedily cured by Dr. Jayne's Expectorant.

ALSON F. BELCHER, CATERER.

Dining Rooms at 927 and 929 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

MY MOTHER.

BY NANNIE SADLER.

She sits in the sunlight yonder,
My mother to me so fair.
And I watch the bright beams sparkle
And fall on her silvery hair;
I heed not the care-mantled wrinkles
That Time with his hand hath traced,
For methinks that to me she is fairer
Than if they were all effaced.

For they tell, in a language of sweetness,
How early joys budded and fled,
And how, as the evening approaches,
She keeps silent watch with the dead,
And they speak of a mother's yearnings
For loved ones afloat on life's sea,
And I seem to see in their tracings
Some tokens of love for me.

I know that her life has been burdened
With trials and cares not a few;
And I feel that my soul is made stronger
By knowing that her's has been true;
And I think of my own weary journey,
So thorny and rough from the start,
And I know that each dart that has pierced me
Has wounded her faithful heart.

My mother! thy love did not fail me,
Though my feet trod the sorrowful way;
And the night that was black in its darkness
Is morning at last into day;
And now I think as the sunbeams
Play over thy silvery hair,
That an angel's face is not fairer
Than thine, with its lines of care.

EDINA.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

[This story was commenced in No. 13, Vol. 48. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER VI.

WAITING FOR BELL.

The fire threw its glow on Mrs. Bell's kitchen—kitchen and sitting-room in one—lighting up the strip of bright-colored carpet before the fender, and the red tiles of the floor; playing on the plates and dishes on the dresser-shelves and on the blue hyacinth glasses in the window, now closed in by its outside shutters. Stout Mrs. Bell, her cheeks as red as the fire, sat by the round table in her white apron and mob cap, plying her knitting-needles. On the other side of the hearth sat a neighbor, one Nancy Tomson, a tall thin woman in a check apron, with projecting teeth and a high nose, who had come in for a chat. On the table waited the supper—bread and cheese—and a candle ready to be lighted.

The clock struck nine. Mrs. Bell looked up as though the sound half startled her.

"Who'd ha' thought it!" cried the visitor, whose tongue had been going incessantly for the last hour, causing the time to pass quickly. "Be that clock too fast, Dame Bell?"

"No," said the dame. "It's right by the church."

"Well, I'd never ha' said it were nine. Your folks is late. I wonder where they be?"

"No need to wonder," returned Mrs. Bell, in a sharp tone, meant for the absentees. "Rosaline's staying with that poor Granny Sandon, who seems to get nobody else to help her. As to Bell, he is off again to the Golden Shaft."

"You said he had been in."

"He did come in; and I thought he had come for good. But he didn't stay a minute; he must needs tramp out again. And he was further gone than, Nancy Tomson, than I've seen 'him these three years."

Mrs. Bell exercised her needles vigorously, as if her temper had got into her fingers. The visitor plunged into a renewed sea of conversation—which had chiefly turned upon that interesting episode, the evening fight between James and his wife. At half-past nine, Mrs. Bell put down her knitting and rose from her seat. She was growing uneasy.

"What can keep Rosaline? She'd never stay out so late as this, let Granny Sandon want her ever so. I'll take a look out and see if I can see her."

Unbolting the door she pulled it open, admitting a flood of pale moonlight; pale compared with the ruddier glow of the fire. Mrs. Bell peered out across the Bare Plain in the direction of Trennach; and Nancy Tomson, who was always ready for any divertisement, came forward and stretched her long neck over Mrs. Bell's shoulder.

"It's a rare light night," she said. "But I don't see nobody coming, Dame Bell. They topers sticks to it."

Feeling the air cold after her place by the hot fire, Nancy Tomson withdrew indoors again. She was in no hurry to be gone. Her husband made one of the topers to-night, and this warm domicile was pleasanter than her own. Dame Bell was about to shut the door, when a faint sound, something like a suppressed moan, causing her to look quickly out again, and to advance somewhat farther than she did before. Sitting against the wall on the other side the window was a dark object; and, to Mrs. Bell's intense surprise, she discovered it to be Rosaline.

Rosaline, in what appeared to be the very utmost abandonment of grief or of terror. Her hands were clasping her raised knees, her face was bent upon them. Every low breath she took seemed to come forth with a suppressed moan of anguish.

"Why, child, what on earth's the matter?" ejaculated the mother. "What are you sitting down there for?"

The words quickly brought out Nancy Tomson, whose exclamations of wonder, when she saw Rosaline, might have been nearly heard at Trennach.

Rosaline's moans had subsided into silence. She slowly got up, they putting forth their hands to help, and went indoors. Her face was as white as that of the dead and appeared to have a nameless horror in it. Down she sat on the first chair she came to, put her arms on the table, and her head upon them, so that her countenance was hidden. The two women, closing the front door, stood gazing at her with the most intense curiosity.

"She has been frighted," whispered Nancy Tomson. And it did indeed look like it. Mrs. Bell dissented, however.

"Frighted! What is there to frighten her? What's the matter, Rosaline?" she continued, somewhat sharply. "Be you struck mooney, child?"

Nancy Tomson was one who liked her own opinion, and she held to the fright. She advanced a step or two nearer Rosaline, dropping her voice to a low key.

"Have you seen anything o' Dan Sandon? Maybe his ghost showed itself to you as you came by the Bottomless Shaft?"

The words sent Rosaline into a desperate fit of trembling; so much so that her arms caused the table, which was not very substantial, to shake as they lay upon it.

"Then just you tell us what else it is," pursued Nancy Tomson, eager for an answer—for Rosaline had made a motion in the negative as to Dan Sandon's ghost. "Sure," added the woman to Mrs. Bell, "sure James and her be not a-fighting again! Sure he haven't been and killed her! Is it *that* that have frighted you, Rosaline?"

"No, no," murmured Rosaline.

"Well, it must be something," urged the woman, half rampant with curiosity. "One cannot be frighted to death for nothing."

A notion, like a flash of light, seized upon Mrs. Bell. And it seemed to her so certain to be the true one that she only wondered she had not thought of it before. She laid her hand upon her daughter's shoulder.

"Rosaline! You have heard the Seven Whistlers!"

A slight pause. Rosaline neither stirred nor spoke. To Nancy Tomson the suggestion cleared up the mystery.

"*That's it*," she cried emphatically. "Where was my wits, I wonder, that I never remembered they? Now don't you go for to deny it, Rosaline Bell; you have been hearing they Seven Whistlers."

Another pause. A shiver. And then Rosaline slowly lifted her white face.

"Yes," she answered. "The Seven Whistlers." And the avowal struck so much consternation on her two hearers, although the suggestion had first come from them, that they became dumb.

"Father heard them, you know," went on Rosaline, with a look of terror in her eyes, and an absent sound in her voice as though she were dreaming. "Father heard them. And they bode ill-luck."

"They bode death: as some says," spoke Nancy Tomson, lowering her voice to an appropriate key.

"Yes!" repeated Rosaline, in a tone of grievous wailing. "Yes, they bode death. Oh mother! mother!"

But now, Mrs. Bell, although given, like her neighbors, to put some faith in the Seven Whistlers; for example is contagious; was by no means one to be overcome with the fear of them. Rather was the superstition regarded by her as a prolific theme for talk and gossip, and she entirely disapproved of the men's making it an excuse for idleness; had she heard the Whistlers with her own ears, it would not have moved her much. Of course she did not particularly like the Whistlers; she was willing to believe that they were in some mysterious way the harbingers of ill-luck; but for anybody to be put into an alarming state of terror by them, as was now displayed by Rosaline, she looked upon as altogether absurd and unreasonable.

"Don't take on like that!" rebuked she. "You must be silly. They don't bode *your* death; never fear. I'll warm you a sup o' pea soup. There's some left in the crock."

She bustled into the back kitchen after the soup and a saucepan. Rosaline kept her head down; deep, labored breathings, as of one who has run beyond his strength, agitating her. Nancy Tomson stood looking on, her arms folded in her check linen apron.

"Whereabouts did ye hear they Whistlers, Rosaline?" she at length asked.

But there was no answer.

"On the Bare Plain, I take it," resumed the woman. "Were't a-night they mounds by the Shaft? Sounds echoes in they zig-zag paths rarely. I've heard the wind a-whistling like anything there afore now."

A moan, telling of the sharpest mental agony, broke from Rosaline. Dame Bell heard it as she was coming in. In the midst of her pity, it angered her.

"Rosaline, I won't have this. There's reason in roasting eggs. We shall have your father here directly, and what will he say? I can tell you, he was bad enough when he went out. Come! just rouse yourself up."

"Father heard the Whistlers, and—they—bode—death!" shivered Rosaline, pausing between the words.

"They don't bode yours, I say," repeated Dame Bell, losing patience. "Do you suppose death comes to every person that hears the Whistlers?—or any ill-luck either?"

"No, no," assented Nancy Tomson, for Rosaline did not speak. "For one that falls into ill-luck after hearing they Whistlers, ten escapes. I've known a whole crowd o' they men hear the sounds, and nothing have come on't to any one on em."

"And that's true," said Mrs. Bell.

Rosaline could not be persuaded to try the pea-soup. It was impossible that she could swallow it, she said. Taking a candle, she went up to her room; to bed, as her mother supposed.

"And the best place for her," remarked Dame Bell. "To think of her getting a fright like this!"

But poor Rosaline did not go to bed, and did not undress. Her shoes off, she began to pace the few yards of space in her narrow chamber, to and fro, to and fro, from wall to wall, in an agony the like of which has rarely been felt on earth. She was living over again the night's meeting at the Bottomless Shaft and its dreadful ending; she saw the white, upturned face, and heard the awful cry of despair of him who was falling into its bottomless depths, and was now lying there, dead; and it seemed to her that she, herself, must die of it.

The clock struck ten, and Nancy Tomson tore herself away from the warm and hospitable kitchen, and regaling herself upon the sup of pea-soup rejected by Rosaline. And Mrs. Bell sat on, knitting, and waiting for her husband.

When Rosaline, her hands lifted in frantic distress, tore away from the Bottomless Shaft that evening and the tragedy that had been enacted there, and went flying along the Bare Plain towards her home, Frank Raynor, recovering from the shock of horror which had well-nigh stunned all his faculties, went after her, and ran with her side by side. Two or three times he attempted to say a word to her, but she took no notice; she never answered; it was as if she did not hear. When they reached the narrow cross line that branched off to the cottages from the broad path, there she stopped, and turned her head to him.

"We part here. Fast for ever."

"Are you going home?" he asked.

"Where else should I be going?" she rejoined, with a burst of anguish. "Where else have I to go?"

"I will see you safe to the door."

"No. No! Good-bye."

And, throwing out her hands at him, as if to ward him off, she would have sped onwards. But Frank Raynor could not part thus; he had something to say, and detained her. A few hasty words passed between them, and then she was at liberty to go. He stood to watch her until she drew near to her own door, when he turned back on his way across the plain.

In all his whole life Francis Raynor had never felt as he was feeling now. An awful weight had settled upon his soul. His friends had been wont to say that no calamity upon earth could bring down Frank's exuberant spirits, or change the lightness of his ways. But something had been found to do it now. Little less agitated was he than Rosaline; the sense of horror upon him was the same as here.

He was now passing the fatal spot, the Bottomless Shaft, its surrounding batteries, or hillocks, shone out in the moonlight. Frank turned his eyes that way, and stood still to gaze. Of their own accord, and as if some fascination impelled him against his will, his steps moved thitherwards.

With a livid face, and noiseless feet, and a heart that ceased for the moment to beat, in its dread consciousness, he took the first narrow zigzag between two of the mounds. And—but what was it that met his gaze? As he came in view of the Shaft, he saw the figure of a man standing on its brink. It was so utterly unexpected a sight, and so unlikely a one, that Frank stood still, scarcely believing it to be real. For one blissful moment he lost sight of impossibilities, and did indeed think it must be Josiah Bell.

Only for an instant. The truth returned to his mind in all its wretched nakedness, together with the recognition of the intruder, Mr. Blase Pellet. Mr. Blase was gingerly bending his body forward, but with the utmost caution, and looking down into the pit. As if he were listening for what might be to be heard there; just as the unhappy Rosaline had professed to listen but a few minutes before.

Frank had made no noise; and a gust of wind was just then sweeping the mounds, deadening all sound but its own. But, with that subtle instinct that warns us sometimes of a human presence, Blase Pellet turned sharply round to look, and saw him. Not a word passed. Frank drew silently back—though he knew the man had recognized him—and pursued his way over the Plain.

He guessed how it was. When he and Rosaline had been waiting amidst the mounds for Blase Pellet to pass, Blase had not passed. Blase must have seen them cross over to the spot in the moonlight; and, instead of continuing his route onwards, had stealthily crossed over after them, and concealed himself in one or the other of the narrow zigzags. He must have remained there until now. How much had he seen? How much did he know? If anything had been capable of adding to the weight of perplexity and trouble that had fallen on Frank Raynor, it would be this. He groaned in spirit as he pursued his way homeward.

"How late you are, Frank!"

The words, spoken by Edina, met him as he entered. Hearing him come in, she had opened the door of the sitting-room. In the bewildering confusion of his mind, the perplexity as to the future, the sudden shock of the one moment's calamity, which might change the whole current of his future life, Frank Raynor had lost all recollection of the engagement for the evening. The appearance of Edina recalled it to him.

She was in evening dress; though very sober dress. A plain grey silk, its low body and short sleeves trimmed with a little white lace; a gold chain and locket on her neck; and bracelets of not much value.

"Are—are you going, Edina?"

"*Going!*" replied Edina. "Of course I am going. You are going also, are you not?"

Frank pushed his hair off his brow. The gay scene at the Mount, and the dreadful scene in which he had just been an actor, struck upon him as being frightfully incongruous. Edina was gazing at him; she detected some curious change in his manner, and she saw that he was looking very pale.

"Is anything the matter, Frank? Are you not well?"

"Oh, I am quite well."

"Surely that poor woman is not dead?"

"What woman?" asked Frank, his wits still wool-gathering. Dr. Raynor, leaving his chair by the parlor fire, had also come to the door to look on.

"Have you been to see more than one?" said Edina. "I meant Molly James."

"Oh—ay—yes," returned Frank, passing his hand over his bewildered brow. "She'll be all right in a few days. There's no very serious damage."

"What has made you so long then?" questioned the doctor.

"I—did not know it was late," was the only excuse poor Frank could call up, as he turned from the fixed gaze of Edina. And in point of fact he did not, even yet, know whether it was late or early.

"Pray make haste, Frank," said Edina. "You can dress quickly when you like. I did not wish, you know, to be so late as this."

He turned to the staircase to seek his room. There was no help for it; he must go to this revelry. Edina could not go alone; and, indeed, he had no plea to offer for declining to accompany her. Not until he was taking his coat off did he remember the blow on his shoulder. When the mind is at rest, the body feels its ailments; most certainly Frank Raynor, in his mind's grievous trouble, had neither felt the pain left by the blow, nor recollected it.

Yet it was a pretty severe stroke, and the shoulder on which it fell was stiff and aching. Frank, his coat off, was passing his hand tenderly over the place, perhaps to ascertain the extent of damage, when the door was tapped at and then opened by Edina.

"Here's a flower for your button-hole, Frank."

It was a very beautiful hot-house flower, looking like white wax. Dr. Raynor had brought it from the patient's house where he had been in the afternoon, and Edina had kept it until the last moment as a surprise to Frank. He took it mechanically; thanking her, it is true, but very tamely, his thoughts evidently far away. Edina could but note the change; what had become of Frank's careless light-heartedness?

"Is anything amiss with your shoulder?"

"It has got a bit of a bruise, I think," he lightly answered, beginning to splash away in his basin.

She shut the door, and Frank went on dressing, always mechanically. How many nights, and days, and weeks, and years, would it be before he could get out of his mind the horror of the recently-passed scene!

"I wish to heaven that she-demon, Molly James, had been *there!*" he cried, stamping his foot on the floor in a sudden access of grief and passion. "But for her vagaries, I should not have been called out this evening, and the terrible calamity could not have happened!"

Edina was ready when he went down, well cloaked and shawled; her silk gown pinned up carefully, a warm hood upon her smooth brown hair. The Doctor did not keep a close carriage; no such thing as a fly was to be had at Trennach; and so they had to walk. Mrs. St. Clare had graciously intimated that she would send her carriage for Miss Raynor if the night turned out to be a bad one. But the night was fine and bright.

"You will be *sure* not to sit up for us, papa," said Edina, while Frank was putting on his overcoat. "It is quite uncertain what time we shall come home."

"No, no, child; I shall not sit up."

When they came to the end of the village, Frank turned off on the road way, at the back of the parsonage, Edina on his arm. She asked him why he did so; over the Bare Plain was the nearest way.

"But this is less dreary," was his answer. "We shall soon be there."

"Nay, I think the Bare Plain is far less dreary than the road; especially on such a night as this," said Edina. "Here we are overshadowed by trees; there we get the full sheen of the moonlight."

He said no more; only kept on his way. It did not matter; it would make about three minutes' difference. Edina stepped out cheerfully; she never made a fuss over trifles. By-and-by, she began to wonder at his silence. It was very unusual.

"Have you the headache, Frank?"

"No. Yes. Just a little."

Edina said nothing to the contradictory answer. Something unusual had decidedly occurred to Frank. "How did you bruise your shoulder?" she presently asked.

"Oh—gave it a knock," he said, after the slightest possible pause. "My shoulder's all right, Edina; don't talk of it. A little more right than that confounded Molly James' bruises are."

And with the sharp words, sounding so strange from Frank's good-natured lips, Edina caught up the notion that the grievance was in some way connected with Molly James, perhaps the damaged shoulder also. Possibly she had turned obstreperous under the young doctor's hand, and had shown fight to him as well as to her husband.

The Mount burst upon them in a blaze of light. Plants, festoons, music, brilliancy! As they were going into the chief reception-room, out-of-door wrappings removed, Edina missed that beautiful white wax flower; Frank's coat was undecorated.

"Frank! What have you done with your flower?"

His eyes wandered to the flowers decorating the rooms, and then down to his button-hole, all in an absent sort of way that surprised Miss Raynor.

"I fear I must have forgotten to put it in, Edina. I wish you had worn it yourself; it would have been more appropriate. How well it would have looked in your hair!"

"Fancy me with a flower in my hair!" laughed Edina. "But, Frank, I think Molly James has scared some of your wits away."

CHAPTER VII.

MISSING.

Their greeting to Mrs. St. Clare over, Frank found a seat for Edina, and stood back himself in a corner, behind a remote door. Oh, how terribly did this scene of worldly excitement contrast with the one enacted so short a while ago! He was living it, perforce, over again, going through, bit by bit, its short-lived action, that had been all over in one or two moments; this, before him seemed but a dream. The gaily-robed women sweeping past him with light laughter; the gleam of jewels; the pomp and pageantry; it all seemed the shifting scenes in an imaginary panorama. Frank could have groaned aloud at the bitter mockery; life here; gay, heedless, joyous life; and there, DEATH; death violent and sudden. Never before, throughout his days, had the solemn responsibilities of this world and of the next pressed upon him in all their dread, stern reality.

"Oh, Mr. Raynor! I thought you were not coming! Have you been here long?"

The emotional words, spoken in surprise, came from a fair girl in a cloud of white—Daisy St. Clare. Frank's hand went forward to meet the one held out to him; but never a smile crossed his face.

"How long have you been here, Mr. Raynor?"

"How long? I am not sure. Half an hour, I think."

"Have you been dancing?"

"Oh, no. I have been standing here."

"On purpose to hide yourself? I should not have seen you but that I am looking in all corners for Lydia's card, which she has lost."

He did not answer; his head was throbbing, his heart beating. Daisy thought him very silent.

"I have had my dance with Sir Paul Trellusis," said Daisy, toying with her own card, a hot blush on her face, and her eyes cast down.

At any other moment Frank would have read the signs fast enough, and taken the hint: she was ready to dance with *him*. But he never asked her; he did not take the gilded leaves and pencil into his own hands and write down his name as many times as he pleased. He simply stood still, gazing out with vacant eyes and a sad look on his face. Daisy at length glanced up at him.

"Are you ill?" she inquired.

"No; only tired."

"Too tired to dance?" she ventured to ask, after a pause, her pulses quickening a little as she put the suggestive question.

"Yes. I cannot dance to-night, Miss Margaret."

"Oh, but why?"

His breath was coming a little quickly with emotion. Not caused by Daisy, and her words, and her hope of dancing, but by that dreadful *recollection*. Stilling his tone to calmness, he spoke.

"Pray forgive me, Miss Margaret, I really cannot dance to-night."

And the cold demeanor, the discouraging words, threw a chill upon her heart. What had she done to him, that he should change like this? With a bearing that sought to be proud, but a quivering lip, Margaret turned away.

He caught her eye as she was doing so; caught the expression of her face, and read its bitter disappointment. The next moment, he was bending over her, pressing her hand within his.

"Forgive me, Daisy," he whispered, in a tone of pleading tenderness. "No, indeed, it is not caprice: I—I cannot dance to-night. Go you and dance to your heart's content, and let me hide myself here until Miss Raynor shall be ready to leave. The kindest thing you can do is to take no further notice of me."

He released her hand as he spoke, and stood back again by the wall in the dark corner. Margaret turned away with a shivering sigh. Her delight in the evening was gone.

"And he never wished me any good wishes! It might just as well not have been my birthday."

* * * * * * * * *

There was a commotion next morning at Trennach, especially about the region of the Bare Plain, and those cottages on it that were called Bleak Row. Josiah Bell had disappeared. Mrs. Bell had sat up half the night waiting for him to come home; then, concluding that he had taken too much to be able to get there, and had either stayed at the Golden Shaft, or found refuge with Andrew Float, she went to bed. Upon making inquiries this morning, this proved to be the case. Nothing seemed to be known of Josiah Bell. His comrades professed ignorance of his movements; the Golden Shaft had not got him; neither had Andrew Float.

Mrs. Bell rose betimes. When people are in a state of exasperation, they forget bodily weakness; and that word exactly expresses Dame Bell's state of mind. It was of course necessary she should be up, to give Bell a proper trimming when he should make his appearance at home. While she was dressing, she saw Nancy Tomson's husband outside, apparently starting for Trennach. Throwing a warm shawl over her petticoats, she opened the casement window.

"I say, Tomson!" she called out. And the man looked up, his face leaden-color and his eyes red. "What was the reason my husband did not come home?"

Tomson took a few minutes to digest the question. Apparently his recollection on the point did not readily serve him.

"I dun know," said he. "Didn't Bell come home?"

"No, he didn't."

"Bain't he come yet?"

"No, he is not. And I think it was a very unfriendly thing of the rest of you not to bring him. You had to come yourselves. Did you leave him at the Golden Shaft?"

"Bell warn't at the Golden Shaft," called back Tomson.

"Now don't you tell me any of your untruths, Ben Tomson," returned Mrs. Bell. "Not at the Golden Shaft! Where else was he?"

"I'll take my blessed davy Bell was not at the Golden Shaft last evening!" said the man. He cleared out on't at dusk."

"But he went back to it later."

"He never did—as I saw," persisted Tomson; who was an obstinate man in maintaining his own opinion.

"Was Andrew Float there?" asked Mrs. Bell.

"Let's see. Andrew Float? Yes, Float was there."

"Then I know Bell was there too. And don't you talk any more nonsense about it, Ben Tomson. Bell was too bad to get home himself, and none of you chose to help him; perhaps you were too bad yourselves to do it. And there he has stayed till now; either at the Golden Shaft, or else with Float the miner; and you'd very much oblige me, Tomson, if you'd hunt him up."

She shut the casement, watched Tomson start on his way to Trennach, and, presently, went down to breakfast. Rosaline was getting it ready as usual—there was no one else to do it—looking more dead than alive.

"We'll wait a bit, Rose, to see whether your father comes. Don't put the tea in yet."

Rose was kneeling before the fire at the moment. She turned short around at the words, with a kind of wild look in her eyes, and seemed about to say something; but checked herself.

Half an hour passed; Dame Bell getting more angry each minute, and rehearsing sharper greetings for Bell in her mind. At last they sat down to breakfast. Rose could not eat; she seemed very ill; but her mother quite taken up with the ill-doings of the truant, did not observe as she would otherwise have done. Breakfast was at an end, although Mrs. Bell lingered over it, when Tomson returned; and with him appeared the tall ungainly form of Float the miner.

"Well?" cried Mrs. Bell, rising from her chair in expectation, as Tomson raised the latch of the door.

"Well, 'tis as I said," said Tomson. "Bell didn't come back to the Golden Shaft last night after he cleared out on't just afore dark. He ain't nowheres about as we can see."

Mrs. Bell looked from one to the other; at Tomson with his rather sullen countenance, at Float's good-natured one. She might have thought the men were deceiving her, but that she could not see what motive they would have for doing it. Unless, indeed, Bell was lying somewhere in Trennach, so bad after his bout that they did not like to tell her.

"Where is he, then, I should like to know?" she retorted, in answer to Tomson.

"Can't tell," said Tomson. "None o' they men has seen him."

"Now this won't do," cried Dame Bell. "You must know where he is. Do you suppose he's *lost?* Don't you stand simpering there on one leg, Andrew Float, but just tell me where he is hiding himself."

"I'd tell ye if I knew, ma'am," said Andrew, in his meek and simple way. "I'd like to know where he is myself."

"But he was at the Golden Shaft last night; he *must* have been," insisted the dame, unable to divest herself of the belief. "What became of him when the place shut up? What state was he in?"

"No, ma'am, he was not there," said Andrew, with mild deprecation, for he never liked to contradict.

"Stuff!" said Mrs. Bell. "There was nowhere else for him to go to. What did you do with him, Andrew Float?"

"I have done nothing with him," rejoined Andrew. "He kep' I and they other fellows a-waiting all the evening for him at the Golden Shaft; but he didn't come back to it."

"I know he was stuck at the Golden Shaft pretty nigh all day yesterday," retorted Mrs. Bell, explosively.

"He were," acknowledged Andrew. "He come back after his dinner, and stayed there along 'o the rest of us. Just as they were a-lighting up, Bell, he gets off to settle and puts on his hat; when we asked where he was going, he said to do an errand. Upon that, one o' they fellows—James, I think it were—wanted to know what errand; but Bell wouldn't answer him. He'd be back by-and-by, he said, and went out."

"And he did *not* go back?" reiterated Dame Bell.

"No, ma'am, he didn't. Though we stayed a bit later than usual on the strength of expecting him."

"It's very strange," said she. "He came home here about seven o'clock, or between that and and half-past—I can't be sure as to the exact time. I thought he had come for good; he was three-parts tipsy then, and I advised him to sit down and make himself comfortable. Not a bit on't. After standing a minute or so, swirling his stick about, and asking where Rosaline was, and this and the other, he suddenly pushes his hat lower down on his head, and out he goes in a passion—as I could tell by his banging of the door. Of course he was going back to the Golden Shaft! There can't be no doubt of it."

"He never did come, then," said Float.

"I say," cried Tomson at this juncture, "what's the matter of Rosaline?"

During the above conversation, Rosaline had stood at the dresser, wiping the plates one by one, and keeping her back to the company, so that they did not see her face. But it chanced that Tomson went to the fire to light his pipe, just as Rosaline's work at the shelves came to an end. As she crossed the kitchen to the staircase, Tomson met her and had full view of her. The man stared after her in surprise; even when she had disappeared up the stairs and shut the door behind her, he still stood staring; for he had never seen in all his life a face to equal it for livid terror. It was then that he put his question to Mrs. Bell.

"Didn't your wife tell you what it was that frightened her, Ben Thompson?"

"My wife have said ne'er a word to me since yesterday, dinner time," confessed Tomson. "Her temper be up. Rosaline do look bad, though!"

"She heard the Seven Whistlers last night," explained Mrs. Bell. "It did fright her a'most to death."

"What!—they Whistlers here again last night?" cried Tomson, his eyes opening with consternation, and his pipe dropping from his mouth.

Mrs. Bell nodded. "Your wife and me were sitting here, waiting for Rosaline to come in, and wondering why Granny Sandon kept her so late. I opened the door to see if I could see her coming across the Plain—or Bell, either, for the matter o' that—and there she was, crouched again' the wall outside, dropped down there with terror. We got her indoors, me and Nancy Tomson; and for some time could make nothing of her; she was too frighted to speak. At last she told us what it was—she had heard the Seven Whistlers as she was coming over the Plain."

But now this statement of Dame Bell's unconsciously deviated from the strict line of truth—as the reader may see by referring. Rosaline had not "told" them that she heard the Seven Whistlers on the Plain. When her mother suddenly accused her of having heard the Whistlers, and was backed in the suggestion by Nancy Tomson, poor Rosaline nodded an affirmative in sheer despair. She could not avow what it was that frightened her; and the Seven Whistlers—which she had certainly not heard—did for a plea of excuse as well as anything else. The two women of course adopted the belief religiously, and had no objection to talk of it.

"They Whistlers again!" resumed Tomson, in dismay. "Rose, he's raging like a rumpigeous bear this morning, threatening us o' the law, and what not; but he *can't* expect us to go down and risk our lives while they boding Whistlers be hanging about."

"There, never mind they Whistlers," broke in Mrs. Bell, who sometimes fell into the native grammar. "Where's Bell got to? that's what I want to know."

Of course Tomson could not say where Bell had got to. Neither could Float. The latter made the most sensible suggestion that the circumstances admitted of—namely, that they should go and search for him. Mrs. Bell urged them to do so at once and to make haste about it. Bell would be found in Trennach fast enough, she said. If he had not taken refuge in Float the miner's house, he had in somebody else's, and he was staying there till he got sober.

On this day, Wednesday, Trennach was again taking holiday, and laying the blame of it on the Seven Whistlers. But this state of things could not last. The men knew that; and they had now promised the overseer, Ross, whose rage was excessive, that the morrow should see them at work. One wise old miner avowed an opinion—that three days would be enough to "break the spell o' they Whistlers, and avert consekenses."

So the village street was filled with idle men; who really, apart from smoking and drinking, had nothing to do with themselves. They lounged about as on the other days, hands in pockets, shoulders slouching. It was a little early yet for the Golden Shaft when Andrew Float and Tomson arrived amidst them with the account that Josiah Bell had not been seen since the previous evening or been home all night, and that his wife (or as Tomson phrased it in the familiar local vernacular, his woman) couldn't think where he had got to, and had put a rod in pickle. The men with one accord agreed to look after him in a body; and they set about it heartily, for it was something to do.

But Josiah Bell could not be found. The miners' dwellings were searched for him, perhaps without one single exception, but he had not taken refuge in any of them. Since quitting the Golden Shaft the previous evening at dusk, as testified to by the men who were there, only two persons apart from his wife, could remember to have seen him: Blase Pellet, and the Rector of Trennach, the Reverend Thomas Pine. Mr. Pellet, standing in his shop-door for recreation at the twilight hour, saw Bell pass down the street, and noticed that he was tolerably far gone in liquor. The clergyman had seen and spoken with Bell a very few minutes later.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FARM AND GARDEN.

CORN DIET FOR STOCK.—An exclusive corn diet will ruin any animal. It is contrary to nature's laws that the horse, cow, sheep, or hog, whose natural food is grass, should, when winter comes on and this fresh, succulent herbage is gone, be taken up and fed exclusively, as many animals are (always excepting the dry, feathery cornblades or hay,) on the dryest and hardest grain known to this continent.

BONE SPAVIN.—A correspondent of the New York Farmers' Club gives his treatment of a case of bone spavin. He had two horses that were lame with this ailment, and he used about a half pint of oil of spike for each horse, applying it once in two or three days with a swab, a large teaspoon will contain about the quantity for each application. The horse was lame seven or eight months. For the past six weeks he has not taken a lame step, being in use at all times when needed.

KEEPING CIDER SWEET.—The following method of keeping cider is said will keep it perfectly sweet for five years: "Leach and filter the cider through pure sand, after it has worked and fermented and before it has soured. Put no alcohol or other substance with it. Be sure that the vessels you put it in are perfectly sweet. After it is leached or filtered, put it in barrels or casks filled, leaving no room for air; bung them tight and keep it where it won't freeze till February or March, then put it in champagne bottles filled, drive the corks and wire them. The best cider is late made, or made when it is cold as can be and not freeze."

AUTUMN TREE PLANTING.—The only advantage that I can see in planting trees, etc., in the fall, is that one has more time to do it at that time, and if left till spring, if the trees are not already on hand, people are apt to put the setting off for the want of time. It is to the interest of nurserymen to recommend fall planting, as they thus dispose of more trees, etc. In a light sandy loam soil fall setting will do very well; but in stiff clay soils, in climates where the ground is subject to freezing and thawing often, if set in the fall, the trees should be well mulched. No trees and shrubs, however, should be set in the fall where water stands in a wet time in winter.

COWS.—Cows are not early risers. Unless disturbed, they will lie, on a cold morning, till the day gets well started, appreciating the cheap warmth of a comfortable bed as well as the farmer himself. The horse is quite different, and bestirs himself nobody knows when. It is not very often that we catch him napping, unless he is very tired. He would look out every once in a while in the night, if he could, and see how the weather goes. I gave Ringbone the liberty of his box, with an open east window twice as large as a horse collar. Rising at day-break—for a wonder—I found the horse with his head out of that window, winking at the pleasant view, one might think, and calculating the charms of an early spring of grass like an old hay speculator.

HOW TO FEED.—As a general rule too much food is given, and too much of this is hay. Ten pounds of hay and twelve of oats is sufficient food in a day for a work horse, whether the work be fast or slow. My plan of feeding horses is to give a bunch of hay and a half pail of water the first thing in the morning; after grooming, give another half pail of water. If he is not going out, I give four quarts of oats, after which he may have four or five pounds of hay. If he is going out to work I give six quarts of oats and no hay. If going to work in the afternoon he should be again watered, and allowed four quarts of oats and the remainder of the hay. Half a bushel of washed carrots per week will improve the coat and general condition very much. This system of feeding will keep a horse in good working order all the time.

LIGHT IN STABLES.—Neither cattle nor horses should be stalled in a dark stable, as all animals require light in the day time. A horse kept for months in a dark stable would be liable to become blind. In regard to light in swine pens, a writer says that two sows having litters on the 15th and 22d of January, respectively, were kept in two rather dark, but warm, temporary sties, and had to occupy them till the middle of April, when for each sow with litter, one of the permanent sties was opened by selling the occupants. At that time the pigs which had been kept in the dark, temporary sties, proved to be less lively than, and much inferior to weight and size, to those of any of the litters raised in the less warm but well lighted permanent sties, notwithstanding that the difference in age was very small, and that food and care had been the same in every respect. One of the litters born on the 15th of January, which had accidentally the best lighted sty, though situated in the north west, and consequently coldest corner of the frame building, exhibited the most rapid growth, and the litter born on the 15th of January, which had the darkest sty, had made the poorest.

PUSS IN BOOTS.

VERSIFIED BY MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.

A miller had three sons,
And on his dying day,
He willed that all he owned should be
Shared by them this way:
The mill to this, and the donkey to that
And to the youngest only the cat.

This last, poor fellow, of course
Thought it a bitter fate;
With a cat to feed, he should die, indeed,
Of hunger, sooner or late
And he stormed, with many a bitter word,
Which Puss, who lay in the cupboard, heard.

She stretched, and began to purr,
Then came to her master's knee,
And, looking slyly up, began:
"Pray be content with me!
Get me a pair of boots ere night,
And a bag, and it will be all right!"

The youth sighed heavy sighs,
And laughed a scornful laugh:
"Of all the silly things I know,
You're the silliest by half!"
Still after a space of doubt and thought,
The pair of boots and the bag were bought.

And Puss, at the peep of dawn,
Was out upon the street,
With shreds of parsley in her bag,
And the boots upon her feet.
She was on her way to the woods for game,
And soon the rabbit-warren came.

And the simple rabbits cried,
"The parsley smells like spring!"
And into the bag their noses slipped,
And Pussy pulled the string.
Only a kick, and a gasp for breath,
And, one by one, they were choked to death.

So Sly Boots hagged her game,
And gave it an easy swing
Over her shoulder; and, starting off
For the palace of the king,
She found him upon the throne, in state,
While near him his lovely daughter sate.

Puss made a graceful bow
No courtier could surpass,
And said, "I come to your highness from
The Marquis of Carabas.
His loyal love he sends to you,
With a tender rabbit for a stew."

And the pretty princess smiled
And the king said, "Many thanks,"
And Puss strode off to her master's home,
Purring, and full of pranks.
And cried, "I've a splendid plan for you!
Say nothing, but do as I tell you!

"To-morrow, at noon, the king
And his beautiful daughter ride;
And you must go, as they draw near,
And bathe in the river side."
The youth said "pooh!" but still, next day,
Bathed, when the king went by that way.

Puss hid his dingy clothes
In the marshy river-grass,
And screamed when the king came in sight,
"The Marquis of Carabas—
My master—is drowning close by!
Help! help! good king, or he will die!"

Then servants galloped fast,
And dragged him from the water
"'Tis the knight who sent the rabbit stew,"
The king said, to his daughter.
And a suit of clothes was brought with speed,
And he rode in their midst, on a royal steed.

Meanwhile Puss, in advance,
To the Ogre's palace fled,
Where he sat, with a great club in his hand,
And a monstrous ugly head.
She mewed politely as she went in,
But he only grinned, with a dreadful grin.

"I have heard it is said," she purred,
"That, with the greatest ease,
You change, in the twinkling of an eye,
Into any shape you please!"
"Of course I can!" the Ogre cried,
And a roaring lion stood at her side.

Puss shook like a leaf, in her boots,
But said, "It is very droll!
Now, please, if you can, change into a mouse!"
He did. And she swallowed him whole!
Then, as the king in his suite appeared,
She stood on the palace porch and cheered.

'Twas a grand old palace indeed,
Builded of stone and brass.
"Welcome, most noble ladies and lords,
To the Castle of Carabas!"
Puss said, with a sweeping courtesy;
And they entered, and feasted royally

And the Marquis lost his heart
At the beautiful princess' smile;
And the very next day the two were wed,
In wonderful state and style.
And Puss in Boots was their favorite page,
And lived with them to a good old age.

—*Wide Awake*

JUST WHAT I THINK ABOUT IT.

BY FANNY J. RAYMOND.

I am tired of all this whining by women who are obliged to earn their own living. Every week I receive from one to five letters from unmarried women and widows, who are dependent upon their own exertions for support, imploring me in the name of humanity, old friendship, etc., to find for them some "genteel, paying employment." They all write in pretty much the same strain, something like this:

"Am thrown suddenly upon my own resources; am willing to work, but don't know what to do; all the avenues of employment open to women seem to be full to overflowing; nothing for me to do because I am a woman. What can I do? Do find for me some genteel employment," and so on to the end of the chapter.

Now I have heard that story about "no work because I am a woman," and about the crowded condition of the "avenues," so often that it is getting a trifle motononous. There always has been a demand for skilled labor, whether of man or woman, and there always will be, too. But the truth is, and the needy sisterhood might as well open their eyes to the fact, that not one woman in ten—no, not one woman in twenty, knows how to do any one thing well enough to earn a decent living by it. They can do half a dozen things indifferently well, but that is not what employers want, and the sooner women understand this the better. They demand the same wages for their unskilled labor that male operatives receive for first-class workmanship, and when they do not get it, forthwith comes the old cry, "We do a man's work for half-price just because we are women." Are they so blind that they cannot see that sex has nothing under the heavens to do with it? It is simply because that they cannot or will not do their work as men do theirs.

"No work for women," when I have offered six dollars a week for a good plain cook, and couldn't get one at that price; when I have paid extravagant prices to women who professed to know enough to cut and make children's clothing, and the result was a lot of nondescript garments that I would hesitate to offer to a Five Points orphan; when I have never found a laundress of the gentler sex who could iron my husband's shirts properly; and, as for a nurse for the children, after fishing one child out of the cistern, dragging another from beneath the wheels of a passing carriage, and nursing a third through a long illness brought on by the nurse's carelessness, I abandoned the whole tribe. And my experience is but the experience of thousands of women; skilled domestic labor we cannot get for love nor money. Women who are obliged to work for a living all want some "genteel" employment. "Genteel!" how I do hate the word! It has been a stumbling block in the path of thousands of poor women, and will be the ruin of thousands more.

"What can I do?" Well, if you can't answer that question, I give it up—I never was good at conundrums. But I can give you some good advice; it won't cost me anything but may do you some good.

In the first place don't write to some much-to-be pitied editor, asking him what to do; if you have not energy and go-ahead enough in your composition to "go it alone," the sooner you cease to cumber the ground the better. You can talk about "our down-trodden sex," "the ballot," and "woman's rights," but you can't go to work and earn your own living. Pretty creatures you are to talk about the "equality of the sexes!"

Abusing my sex, am I? Well, they deserve it, and I have earned the right to tell them the naked truth. All this nonsense about "woman's work and wages" sickens me. Why, years ago I worked at the turning-lathe in a machine shop with fifty men, and I count those days among the brightest of my life. I shirked no work because I was a woman, but did a man's work and received a man's pay. Yes, ma'am; I worked with "greasy mechanics," and they were gentlemen, too. They all had wives, mothers or sisters at home, and they always remembered it. I asked no favors on account of my sex, and they always treated me as a fellow-workman, which was the highest honor they could have bestowed upon me.

"Why did I step out of the path prescribed for my sex?" There it is again? That everlasting "path!" Well, to tell the truth, I always had a faculty for getting out of the "path," and in that particular instance stepped out because I could find nothing else to do, and bread and butter was necessary.

"Teach!" Yes, I could have taught school; but I had tried that once before, and would have dug potatoes before I would have gone into the harness again. It was by the merest chance that I knew enough about the machinist's trade to take my place like a "man and a brother." When a child I was fond of machinery, and a whimsical old uncle who was never troubled by any notions about woman's "sphere," taught me my trade so well that the foreman of one of the best shops in New England was satisfied with my work. And I can rock the cradle, darn stockings and keep house generally just as well as though I had never had that little bat of experience in a machine-shop among the New England hills. I didn't mean to give you this little piece of personal history, but it slipped in and it may stay; it will do for you to think about the next time you are tempted to ask me to find for you some "genteel" employment.

Let me tell you of another "unwomanly" woman. Ten years ago she was left a widow with five children and no property worth mentioning. Did she take in sewing or washing, which seemed about the only things she could do in the village where she lived? Not much. She rented a few acres of land and went to raising "fancy" poultry and poultry for market. Of course Mrs. Grundy said it was "unwomanly," not "genteel," "nobody ever heard of such a thing before," "sure to fail," and all that sort of thing. But the plucky little widow went ahead sublimely indifferent to the melancholy fact that she was out of the "path," and to-day she owns one of the finest farms in her native village, and has a snug sum in bank besides.

I might go on and tell you of another widow who made a fortune keeping bees, and of another who is on the highway to wealth in the dairy business, but I will close by saying to you all, that if you see a chance to go into any paying business, go ahead, and go into it with all your might. Don't stop to ask whether it is "genteel" or not; if it is respectable, that is enough. And don't go whining around for favor because you happen to be a woman—go to work like a man, and you will come out all right.

WINTER EVENINGS.

BY MRS. GOODWIN.

The father is not blameless who spends the majority of his evenings away from home. If a man intends to bring sons up to be a credit to him and a stay in his old age, he must create a home that will be congenial to himself, where he must spend the majority of his evenings, and make it sufficiently attractive to induce his children to look upon it with delight. And especially should the home be made attractive during the long winter evenings. Ah! the poetry, the affection, the love—ay, the very heaven—that clusters so coolly around the fireside, permeating to the very inner heart of the sacred home circle, all through the long winter evenings. The winter's fireside—'tis the heaven of home, and the home of heaven. Not warmer glows the crimson flame in the fireplace, throwing out its arms to clasp in love those circled round the hearth, than the joyous hearts speaking even in their silence; and the gleam of the sparkling coals upon the hearth is not brighter than the twinkle reflected back from eyes tearful in their very joy. How many souls have been warmed into life and ushered into a heaven of love and peace, by having for their school-room, in the long winter evenings, a fireside with a glowing blaze therein, to sit around, and study, and dream of life and its realties and struggles; of its battles to be fought and won; of its heroes to be crowned; of the dead-passions and evils to be buried, or left to lie and moulder, bones to bleach and whiten under the winds and frosts of time, and beneath the burning rays of the sun of progress.

And how many battles of life have been planned and charted, and pushed to the very verge of victory, within that charmed circle before the glowing hearthstone, ere the adventurers of the morrow had entered upon its campaigns and forced marches, and among its glittering ranks and bristling forts, sleeping upon its hard and blood-stained fields, and eating its coarse fare; ay, as the world's great general, Napoleon, staked out and even gained one of his greatest and most decisive victories, without going in sight, or even hearing, of the deadly field! How many other souls, too, having no such school-room to enter, shiver outside for want of a true knowledge of life and its aims, and for want of soul-activity to quicken its blood-circulation, and prevent its congealing within the veins. Work must be done; lessons learned; and if no home-circle or fireside school-room is open for the soul's entrance, to learn and plan and act in love, in concert, in harmony, some other will present itself; and the child-soul will enter, and learn its lessons of life from the oracles of death, and drink the waters to quench its thirst from poisoned fountains. And then the life-battles will all be failures; the crowned heroes will be grinning skeletons draped in black; life's evils will fatten and flourish; and not their bones, but those of the images most dear to the man and woman soul of humanity, will bleach beneath another sun than that of progress.

Oh, these winter evenings! calendars of life, the pages of which might be written full of happiness; some of which are. Ah, how different the writing, too, in those thus filled with happiness! See the round, manly hand of him who has made himself the mighty man he is, by poring over books, oftentimes with no light but the blaze on the hearth; but it was within the charmed circle, and during the long winter evenings. And see, too, the delicate woman-hand, the hardly-formed one yet of the school-girl, and also the rude mark of the unlettered many, who desire to have their happiness registered. All have learned their lessons of life in its great, true school-room—the circle round the hearth, on sparkling winter evenings.

Man and woman, when the winter evenings are with you, are they blessing and comforting you with their twinkling stars and bracing airs without, and blazing fires and home affections within? They might, if you only would. Oh, cherish their memory, improve their presence.

Ah! those hallowed winter evenings of our far-away childhood, peeping so lovingly through the dim vista of years; arched overhead by each day's swiftly-fleeting present, through which manhood has wearily plodded on—years, with a vividness and freshness, bearing so marked a contrast to the evanescent later ones, well-nigh forgotten—how we remember and bless them for the linking memory of a sacred membership in a charmed circle of happiness and peace.

THE HOME OF THE MOTHER.

Home, thrice blessed word! Heaven-born and beautiful it comes, the gentle sound upon the weary, over-tasked heart, breathing of rest, of peace, and love. There is magic in it. It brings secret memories of the olden time; awakens recollections of the dim long ago; and across the stormy soul there sweeps a flood of golden light, quelling all sterner passions. How dear and cherished are its remembrances, how hallowed is the spot! The place where reason, when permitted to enjoy the sweet retreat alone, may wrap itself in the mantle of undisturbed reflection—where love may nestle and be delighted—whence the baneful passions of our nature may be utterly banished. It is a paradise now; and such a paradise as the poor pilgrim on earth can never realize again. Its influence is boundless; it hallows the past, it controls the present and future destinies of mankind, and brings humanity nearer to Him who rules the home above. Like a tired wanderer, the spirit revels in the treasured bliss of days which can come no more, and is young again in the dream-land of happiness and youth. It was there the mother smiled, and shed the consecrated tear; there she pressed the wanderer to her bosom before the dream of ambition had flitted across his giddy brain; there her love had utterance. What a sacred shrine on earth is a fond mother's love! How pure, how changeless, how deathless! Love as pure as heaven's own sunlight, changeless as the laws of the universe, deathless as immortality itself. It defies the decaying touch of time, outlives life, and claims kindred with the skies. The last star sees her a watcher by the couch of her sick child, for earth has no emblem of devotedness like hers. Where has been the foundation upon which intellect has reared the monuments of her greatness, if not in the home circle? And by whom has it been so laid if not by the mother? The mother is, for a time, the sun and centre of that little group of young immortals among whom she moves; and, as she has their affections and confidence, she is making daily impressions upon their moral character which will be felt in the community where they live, and revealed in a future world. She alone is the constant attendant upon the rising plants of her endeared family circle. It is hers to open to them the pathway to a blessed immortality, to fill up time with social comforts, and to crown the whole with imperishable happiness.

LOVE'S INSANITY.

People in love are commonly supposed to be, for the time, monomaniacs. They are insane on the one subject of love. They imagine the object to which they are attached perfection, and they idolize it as something beyond poor human nature. But, alas! for those whose love is not returned. Alas! for those whose object of worship looks coldly on their devotion, and refuses to reward such passionate adoration. It would be a curious thing to know how much of folly the monomaniacs *then* practise, in the vain hope of persuading their idol to be less obdurate, or coercing it by mysterious means to reciprocate their affection. It would be a curiosity to know how readily the shrewdest of them become dupes to the cunning of fortune-tellers. Love completely absorbs judgment. It swallows up all common sense, and defies all common prudence. In its despair, it becomes inspired with a wild romance that tempts it to abandon the common-place, and attempt the unearthly. It ceases to plead with sighs and tears; it resorts to spells. It gives up the use of plain speech, and has recourse to poetry, to necromancy, to divination, to what it fancies are the forces of infinity! Thus love is defrauded, and humiliated, until copious "bleeding," in the pecuniary sense, exhausts its strength, cools its blood, clears its sight, and restores its sanity. We wonder how many of our readers are aware of all this by experience?

HERE AND THERE.

"MARY, my love, this apple dumpling is not half done." Wife "Well, finish it, then, my dear."

A WELL molded arm is prettier without bracelets; besides, they are liable to scratch a fellow's ears.

AN Irish lover remarks that it is a great comfort to be alone, "especially when yer swateheart is wid ye."

OBSERVE a young father trying to appease a bawling baby, and you'll witness ingenuity enough in ten minutes to make you think that man ought to be an inventor.

"Do try and talk a little common sense!" exclaimed a sarcastic young lady to a visitor. "Oh!" was the reply, "but wouldn't that be taking an unfair advantage of you?"

"Of course I've broken the engagement," he said, in answer to an inquiry about his girl. "I tried to kiss her—she hauled off with the old man's boot and gave me a biff, and I quit."

A CONNECTICUT school marm, who was recently kissed in the dark by mistake, explained her omission to use any light for nearly two weeks afterwards on the ground of hard times.

"MEN," says Adam Smith, "are naturally unsentimental. A man will scoop the bottom out of an egg without thinking that the mother of that egg is perhaps a hundred miles away, in the rain."

WHEN they take the next census in Arkansas, they will miss Peter Dayton. The old man found a package and threw it into the stove to see whether it was powder or sand. It wasn't sand.

HARVEY discovered the circulation of the blood before he was thirty-four. Yet some editors get to be over a hundred before they can discover the exact circulation of their own newspapers.

"CAN you speak Germany?" inquired a merchant of a young gentleman applying for the position of foreign correspondent. "N—o—o—t exactly," was the reply, "but I have a brother who can play the German flute."

WHEN you see a young man and woman leaning over a garden gate in the twilight, and hear a sound like the "squash" of a potato bug beneath a farmer's heel, you instinctively feel that there has been a climax of two souls.

ON Monday evening his wife asked him where he was going, as she observed him putting on his overcoat. "I am going to sally forth," he replied; and she warmly rejoined: "Let me catch you going with any Sally Forth."

TWO brothers down east were noted for the earnestness with which they took part in public worship. One day the elder brother, in descanting on the characteristics of each, said: "Brother George can exhort and sing, but he can't pray. I can pray his shirt off."

"He died very suddenly," said one female to another at the post-office window last evening.

"And did he have his life insured?" asked the other.

"Yes—three thousand dollars."

"Oh, well, then, it isn't so bad. His wife can have a coral set, some new furs, a silk dress, and just make mourning goods git up and wave!"

THE DIFFERENCE.—"I feel to-night," said a Carrollton lady, who was always at a loss for a word, at a musical party the other evening—"I feel to-night like a—like a—like a—Dear me, how stupid I am! Like a—"

"A morning star?" suggested the husband.

"No, dear; like a— What are those birds that sing after dark?"

"Mosquitos."

"What nonsense you talk! Of course not. Well, now, how annoying!"

"Betsey-bug?"

"Rubbish! Dear me, it's extremely annoying! What is it I feel like? I know what it is just as well as anything. Those birds that never sing except at night time?"

"Bull-toads?"

The latter suggestion of her husband was rejected with scorn, and she remarked that it was of no consequence—she would probably think of it by and by. About two o'clock, the following morning, Fred was dreaming that, while on the top of the bank at California when it exploded, he was blown clear into the middle of a Sandwich Island barbecue. Just as the odor of roasted missionary greeted his nostrils, he was awakened by his wife.

"Fred, Fred!"

"What's the matter now?"

"I've got it."

"What, the colic?"

"No, pet, it's the nightingales."

"Where do you feel them, pet?"

"O! you stupid, I've got the word I couldn't think of to-night. I feel like the nightingale."

"I'm durned if I do!" And he turned over and went to sleep.

Forestalling Disease.

When we see that death is so often the penalty paid for a fatuous disregard of the symptoms of approaching disease, should we not be warned against the folly of neglecting defensive measures when called for in our own case? Assuredly we should, and upon the first manifestation of ill health or decay of physical vigor, seek the aid of medicine. The fortifying influence upon the system of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters entitle that medicine of many virtues to the highest consideration as a preventive, and it cannot be too strongly recommended as a means of arresting the progress of malarious fevers, dyspepsia, constipation, liver complaint, kidney and bladder troubles, gout, rheumatism, and other disorders, which in their incipiency are far more easily overcome than in their maturity—albeit, the great alterative has repeatedly demonstrated its power to vanquish them in their worst phases.

The American House, Boston, has always been a favorite stopping place for Southern Merchants, and in its ample rotunda the visitor may always find representatives of almost every State in the Union. The boot and shoe trade especially are appreciative participants in its comforts, and probably more negotiations in the matter of leather fabrics are made within its walls than in all the other hotels in the city combined.

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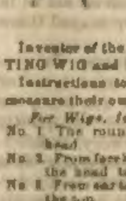

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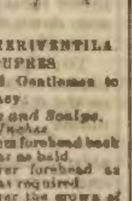

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THE FASHIONS.

At a recent opening, in one of the leading Parisian houses, the style of dress for receptions and house wear generally, most shown, approximated nearer to the plain princess shape than any other kind. Even the puffed and pleated draperies of the back widths which have hitherto accompanied these garments are being done away with, and severe simplicity seems to be the mode. As this last is rather trying to figures, which have not the rounded perfection of a Venus, we do not think it will meet with universal favor; but a modification of extreme styles be adopted instead. A great fancy for navy blue suits, piped with cardinal red of the darkest shade, is extant and gives a stylish effect.

One that we have seen, made with a polonaise, and having a bias fold around the edge for trimming, corded top and bottom with cardinal red, was very handsome. The material was heavy basket cloth, and the long shoulder seams were defined in the back of the polonaise, emphasized so to speak, by cordings of cardinal. The pocket was laid in pleats overlapping each other, and between each pleat appeared a narrower one of the cardinal red silk. The front of the garment was buttoned with crochet buttons of cardinal red silk. The coat sleeves had cuffs laid in pleats of navy blue, with every third pleat of the cardinal color. A suitable hat to be worn with this costume was of navy blue felt, with drooping rim in front, and having a piping of cardinal silk around the edges. Folded scarf of navy blue with upright loops of cardinal color trimmed the crown. A bright wing is placed at the back, and a full plume of cock's feathers fall over the crown. The underskirt worn with the dress, we have described above, had only one flounce of about eight inches in depth, and box-pleated on, being piped top and bottom with cardinal color.

The adjustable black gros grain cloaks, lined with squirrel lock fur, will again be used by those who can afford the comfortable and costly style.

Half tight-fitting sacques of gros grain, fur lined, will be worn by many.

For evening cloaks, the dolman shape prevails. Cream-colored and pale blue cashmeres, or velvet being used to make them. Bands of feather trimming are placed around the edge. Others again are richly embroidered and have a heavy fringe of saddler's silk edging them.

IN EVENING DRESSES,

there is also the tendency to combine materials of different texture and shade. *Crepe lisse*, or tulle, over silk, with velvet bodices and often a flounce of velvet on the under skirt are the leading styles. Brocaded silk and plain are combined, and for garniture, the leaves of foliage plants in long garlands is much used. In fact, such garniture is used to excess, some dresses being almost covered with successive garlands. Filagree silver jewelry is given a marked preference.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Fur-tipped boots are the latest novelty.

Plaided silk neckerchiefs are worn about the neck.

Silk muffs bordered with fur or ruches of feathers are beginning to appear.

Turban hats, almost entirely covered with cock's feathers, are in style.

Looping attachments for dresses are worn outside and fastened to the belt. These are made of oxydized silver and jet.

Wide braids are used for trimming woolen dresses and dolmans.

Basket cloths are very popular.

Long tournures are much worn, but they must not be too *pronounced*, or they give an appearance of bad style.

Dark felt hats are in vogue.

Small articles of furniture of oxydised metal are fashionable—such as bouquet tables, brackets, etc.

Low drooping braids are worn with finger puffs above.

Nets are shown in cardinal red, brown and blue, also dark green and black.

A fancy Parisian it is said is to fold a piece of white silk into a band two and a half inches wide, and tie across the front of the rim of the hat, bending it down, taking the band across the temples and tying under the knot of hair in the back. It is neither pretty nor stylish, yet it is fashionable, and so we mention it.

Paniers increase in length and are laced across the back, fastening in front with bands of cloth, or tape strings.

Turban or *toque* hats are worn very far back, and gives an untidy appearance to a costume.

Thanks are due Messrs. Homer & Colladay for information received.

OUR WORK TABLE.

It has been some time since we have attended to this part of our column, and from the kind regrets over its non-appearance, we feel encouraged to revive it. Our model for this issue is a new style of Boltenee overdress, or Polonaise. It is of cashmere, and the number of yards required is eight of yard width. The back is cut with the long seams from the shoulder, and a cording of silk is put between each seam. The Marguerite back is used, the seams coming down low on the hips, and in the centre of the back. Flexible whalebones are inserted down to the end of the seams, and where the fullness commences. This insures the close, smooth fit over the hips, which is considered so desirable nowadays. The polonaise is closed in front and buttons down the back. Three rows of small buttons are used, the buttons extending as far as the whalebones, or perhaps a few inches below. A deep pocket, laid in longitudinal pleats, is placed low down, and far back upon the right side. Loops of ribbon finish the lower part, being set on under the pocket, and hanging in irregular lengths below. The plain coat sleeves have deeply pleated cuffs extending almost up to the elbow. The front is draped by being laid in four upturned folds on the left side, high up, held in place by bows of ribbon. These folds are arranged so as to cross the front diagonally. The back is only slightly draped, being held in place by strings. Pattern furnished for 10 cts., and two stamps.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. A. G.—1st. The pattern you enclose is *Moiréase* silk, and is of an excellent quality. Make a polonaise of it and trim with ruchings of socks feathers. 2d. The dressing gown can be of any shade you wish, but we would advise dark stone color, lined with navy blue or cardinal red. Let the revers be of quilted silk, also the cuffs and pocket flaps. 3d. Use a wash of ammonia glycerine and a small proportion of tincture of cantharides; fill up with water. Any druggist can put it up for you. It will greatly improve the hair, keeping it soft and glossy.

Kitty L.—We would advise pale blue *crepe lisse* over a deeper shade of blue gros-grain. Loop with knots of blue velvet, and clusters of field flowers. Have a silk waist with folds or shirrings of the crepe lisse on the upper part. Sash of velvet disposed in hanging loops. Wear a cluster of flowers to match those used in trimming, in your hair.

Mrs. Le Grand.—Your gray silk is too light for the promenade in autumn and winter seasons, unless you trim it with some dark color or else with black. Make a polonaise by all means of the demoiselle sample. Cord the edges and button the front. Do not drape the back widths very much, but make of an ample length to fall easily and gracefully over the tournure.

"Annie."—Yes, two long curls are often worn hanging from the back of the head, under the French twist.

Annette M.—Low-drooping chatelaine plaits are to be worn, so decrees Parisian style.

NIMON.

HONEYMOON REFLECTIONS.

BY J. ASHBY STERRY.

'Tis over! It is done at last!
The fetters Cupid forges
Were riveted quite hard and fast,
Last Monday, at St. George's.
A shoddycrat with ample means,
A priest intoning neatly,
A bishop and two rural deans,
Have tied the knot completely.

And so you're on your honeymoon,
And wear a golden fetter;
You speculate—'tis rather soon—
"Is it for worse or better?"
You're thinking of a year ago—
'Twas just such sunny weather—
But somehow time went not so slow
When we two were together.

A year ago, those pretty eyes
A world of truth reflected;
A year ago, your deepest sighs
I never half suspected;
A year ago, my tale I told,
And you were glad to listen;
You were as pure, as good as gold,
Or any maid fresh kissen.

* * * * * * * * *

In life's brief play you chose your part,
Poor little foolish vendor!
You sold your trustful, loving heart
For shoddy and for splendor.
The sky so blue, the sea so glad
Brings joyous recollections;
And yet you seem a world too sad
For honeymoon reflections.

THAT OLD UMBRELLA.

BY MARTHA W. FORBES.

It is just seven years ago this past summer, that Mr. Joseph Ashley said one morning to his sister, who presided over his house, for neither were married:

"Amy, sometime within the next two weeks I shall be obliged to go to New York on business, and I think I will take Kate with me, and run up to Saratoga for three or four days. I hope you will see that she has a travelling dress in readiness. I was observing yesterday that she is grown to be quite a good-looking girl,—I shall be rather proud of her."

"Her father, you know," replied his sister, "was an uncommonly handsome man if he *was* our brother—and her mother was pretty too." And Miss Ashley's own fine face grew sad, as it always did when she recalled to mind the parents of Kate, and their sudden and untimely death, owing to which event Kate's home had henceforth been with her brother and herself.

"I am glad you are going to take her," she continued, "for she is getting old enough to begin to see a little more of the world; she has led a pretty quiet life with us."

"Not any more so than every girl of fifteen ought," said Mr. Ashley, who, though a man of no family experience, had his theories.

"Fifteen! Why, she is nearly nineteen. You forget that she was thirteen when she came to us."

He pondered for a few minutes trying to realize his sister's statement, then rose to leave the room, saying, "Well, see that she is equipped."

As may be supposed, when the projected journey was made known to Kate, there was that sort of an outburst of rapture that can only be executed by a gay and impetuous girl. Uncle "Joe" was emphatically pronounced to be the "best man in the world," although scarcely two days had passed since she was as decidedly of the opinion that he was "real mean" because of refusing to let her join in some affair that had not met his ideas of prudence.

Aunt Amy, too, was stationed foremost among all excellent females, owing to having announced that she must have a new travelling suit.

It was, indeed, as Miss Amy Ashley had said, that Kate had seen less of life and the world than many of the girls of the day. But her life had not been a secluded one. It had been simply a rational one, such as might be expected under the tutelage of such eminently sensible people as her uncle and aunt, who were much attached to her, and indulgent in every way that was reasonable. But under this head they had never once included allowing her to spend her vacations at hotels and places where the multitudes thronged—resorts especially detrimental to temperments like hers, sure to run to excesses.

The day come for their departure, clear and pleasant, and everything was auspicious. Kate's new grey dress trimmed with black, and hat to match was an entire success, and she made no attempt to conceal her satisfaction with her own appearance.

"And you've got a new grey suit too, uncle Joe!"

"Yes, it is the best color in the world for travelling, I think."

"I guess that he was afraid that I should look better than he, don't you, aunt Amy?"

"I've, no doubt of it," said she, smiling. "But you must both remember that "handsome is as handsome does. So good-bye to you."

The time on board the train passed as it ordinarily does with some talking, a little reading, a good deal of lunching, but most of all in observation of the other passengers.

A few words addressed by Mr. Ashley to a very handsome young man occupying the seat in front of him, afterwards an interchange of papers and then more conversation in which it appeared that he also was *en route* for Saratoga helped to make up another variation of the time.

By this they were nearing the station in New York, and the usual collecting together of traps and bundles commenced, and as Mr. Ashley took from the rack his last article, an umbrella, and seated himself again, Kate exclaimed, in awful dismay:

"Why, uncle Joseph! you've brought that horrid old, faded umbrella!"

"Yes," he answered calmly, "it is our largest one, and will be of the most service."

"You brought it on purpose! Why I thought it was a mistake. Oh, do leave it in the car—give it to the conductor—why I shall have a fit if anybody sees it. You don't mean to carry it to Saratoga?"

"Certainly I do; my only fear is that somebody there may see what a good and sensible umbrella it is and take a fancy to call it their own," he said quietly. "I didn't know before that you are subject to fits."

Regardless of who might overhear her, Kate entreated him to give it away, leave it behind, or do anything except take it along; and when this failed to gain her end, she portrayed the appearance they would produce walking under it, and the inevitable laughter that must follow from the lookers-on. But all in vain.

"Well, I'll get wet through before *I'll* walk under it," she said, impatiently.

"Perhaps a good wetting through might be of some advantage to your pride," replied her uncle, in a reproving tone.

Kate made no answer, but she was unable to recover her spirits and throw off the conviction that the journey would be an entire failure. That umbrella would mortify a saint.

The only hope she had was in a merciful providence that should permit no rain to fall until she was safe at home again; for while the umbrella was bad enough shut up, it was "perfectly frightful" spread open and showing those light yellow stripes down every gore.

The excitement of arrival, the novelty of the hotel and a good night's rest, with clear weather in the morning, banished her previous trouble from her mind, and the two days spent in seeing the sights of the great city, were highly enjoyable. And it was not until they were again travelling and had nearly reached Saratoga, that she became wrenched in consequence of hearing a passenger remark that "a storm was gathering,"—bringing to mind that mortifying article of shelter which she then observed was carefully disposed with her uncle's bag.

Knowing the uselessness of speaking about it again, she bent all the energy of her mind upon devising some means whereby to be rid of it. And she at last hit upon a scheme that seemed very practicable, and was to be executed the next morning if the weather was such as to necessitate the use of it.

Her mind now being at rest on that very troublesome subject, she became greatly interested in their arrival at the town and establishment at Congress Hall; whose gay evening scenes so fascinated her that to withdraw and retire to her own room for the night, was the most self-denying act of her life.

Her room communicated with that of her uncle and the next morning before she was half dressed he tapped upon the door to know if she was ready for breakfast, and finding that half an hour, at least, was required to finish her preparations, he decided to go down and return again for her at the end of that time, adding, as a last remark, that the day was going to be a rainy one.

"Well, nobody will have the pleasure of seeing our lovely family umbrella," she said to herself. And as soon as she felt certain that her uncle was well out of hearing she entered his room, and possessing herself of the obnoxious article, rung for the chambermaid, to whom she presented it, saying apologetically, "that it was not a very handsome one, but would keep the rain off just as well."

The servant looked as if she did not exactly comprehend the operation, or see through her giving anything away at the very time when it was likely to be the most needed. But she merely expressed her thanks and left.

Meeting her uncle at the outer door they descended to breakfast; and it was arranged to go out for a walk as soon as the meal was over, trusting to be back before much rain fell, although the sky was very heavy. Returning to their rooms to make the necessary preparations, Mr. Ashley exclaimed, presently:

"Why, where's my umbrella? It was here this morning, I am positive."

"Did you speak, uncle?" innocently inquired Kate, who had distinctly heard every word he said.

"Oh, no, I didn't say anything," he replied in rather a marked tone, for it instantly occurred to him that she might know something of its whereabouts. And he as quickly, too, decided upon the course he meant to pursue.

As he made no further remarks upon it, Kate went out into the street feeling very much enchanted with the success of her plan, and not apprehensive of any damage to herself because of the nice large waterproof that she carried on her arm.

Never in her life had she seen her uncle so interested in anything as he now was in hunting up the locations of the different "springs." Tasting, too, of the waters of one, excited his curiosity to know the comparative merits of another. And as they had visited several now, the last one quite distant, Kate grew tired and proposed returning to the hotel.

"Just what I had that moment thought of myself. Let me take your waterproof."

She handed it to him, supposing he wished to relieve her of the weight of it, but was greatly astonished at seeing him unfold it and throw it over his shoulders saying:

"Come, let us hurry, for the rain drops begin to fall, and will probably increase, and we have half a mile, at least, to walk."

He did not add, as he might have done, that those very drops were what he had been waiting and hoping for; and this very distance that which he had intentionally placed between them and the hotel.

"Why, uncle Joseph," said Kate, not noticing the rain before, "do give me back my waterproof; dont you know that my new suit will be ruined?"

"So is mine new, and I am resolved it shall *not* be ruined if I can help it. I wish you had an umbrella." And he drew the cloak more closely about him.

She saw, now, that he had all the time suspected her of having some knowledge of the disappearance of the umbrella, and knowing her own guilt, she was completely helpless. Her trick was suddenly turned the "other side out" and she must inevitably be her own victim.

Oh that lovely new suit! She wished she might, in reality, have one of those "fits" she was always threatening to have, and then her uncle would be obliged to take her in somewhere.

But fits are not so accommodating. And there was nothing left for her to do but walk silently along, and bear, as best she might, the sight of herself, as she gradually turned from grey to wet black.

By the time they reached the hotel she was as thoroughly drenched as her uncle could wish, and her dress flapped heavily and unstylishly from side to side.

"I don't know what *you* think" said Mr. Ashley aggravatingly, "but it is *my* opinion that we present a vastly more ludicrous appearance in our present state to all those people on the piazza than we should have done walking arm in arm, and in dry raiment under my umbrella. But there is nothing so sweet in this world as having one's own way."

If Katie had intended to give her opinion, as she did not, the words would have died in her throat; for at that moment she discovered on the piazza that very same young gentleman whom they had met and conversed with in the cars!

Was ever mortification so "piled up!" and with all the haste that was possible, she made her way along the piazza and to her own room, leaving her uncle behind; where, she neither knew nor cared.

Giving her wet clothes into the care of the chambermaid, she arrayed herself in her only other dress, a plain black silk, a little *passe* in style, and then threw herself down upon the bed, and gave vent in a "good cry" to her feelings; though which was the emotion that predominated—whether anger or shame—it was difficult to say.

And her condition was in no way made happier by the thought of what she was going to do the rest of the day alone there in her room; for she was resolved not to be seen down stairs again if they stayed there a month.

To help carry out this resolution she pretended to be asleep when her uncle knocked on the door and asked if she was ready for dinner. Receiving no answer he quietly looked within and seeing her very comfortably arranged on the pillows, shut the door and went to his own dinner, and sent a servant to inquire what she would have brought to her room; for he doubted her being asleep, but had no desire to compel her to come down if she did not choose.

After a dinner which showed that the afflictions of the mind had in no way injured her stomach, her spirits brightened and taking a book she had bought in New York she sat down by the window to read; though occasionally the book was forgotten for a time, while she observed the people, who, notwithstanding the rain, were airing themselves on the opposite side of the street, the view of the nearer side being shut off from her by the roof of the piazza.

It so happened after a while, that among these pedestrians were Mr. Ashley and young Mr. Wellman, before mentioned as being in the cars and on the piazza, and whom Mr. Ashley had invited to join him in a walk, from which they were returning as Kate was taken in one of those moods for observation. She recognized them instantly; and it would indeed have been very strange if she had not, considering that all the cause of her unhappiness was erected over their heads.

That very umbrella that she had given the servant girl, and supposed to be eternally disposed of! And they were walking under it as composedly as if nothing had happened, and as if it was a "decent one," too.

She wondered if her uncle had told the story!

He had. And had told in addition, how he had suspected her of giving it away as she did—because he could think of no other way—and had been himself to the girl and recovered it.

"Oh, don't I *hate* Saratoga!" said Kate aloud; and like many another, blaming the place rather than herself for her troubles.

When her uncle came to her room, as he did shortly after, and found her still unwilling to go down stairs and make any efforts for enjoyment, he expressed his regret that their visit had been so unsuccessful, and said they would leave in the morning; which they did, Kate coming down closely veiled, sure that everybody was looking at her, when in reality nobody was.

Returning home sooner than Miss Ashley had expected them, she was full of anxious questions about the reasons, and became quite excited when she discovered that Kate was not dressed in her new suit.

"You've had some sort of a dreadful time, I know you have," said she, thinking of a railway accident or something equally as bad.

"Well, wasn't it dreadful Aunt Amy? Uncle Joe carried that old green umbrella, and I thought I should have a fit, and my dress got wet and spoiled."

"Got wet and spoiled, because on one occasion Uncle Joe *didn't* carry it," said her uncle. "I am surprised Amy, that you should not have told me how subject Kate is to fits."

Miss Ashley now "took in the situation," and seeing that nothing alarming had occurred, turned the conversation upon something that had transpired at home, knowing she should have a full explanation at another time, which she did, her brother concluding his version of the story with the remark that "if Kate had learned any lesson from it, he should estimate it above the cost of a thousand new travelling suits."

The seven years that have passed since that "memorable" trip to Saratoga, bringing the Ashleys' along with them to this grand Centennial period, may as well not have been so far as any change they have produced in Mr. and Miss Ashley, or the general aspect of their home—a delightful home always, and evidently none the less so since Kate has "shuffled off" the school girl and become a matured young lady, on whom all the Ashley characteristics have set their seal in full.

The gay and almost wild spirits of earlier youth have toned down into a becoming and lady-like liveliness. And in person she has developed "so like poor Fred," Miss Ashley says, as any one may see for themselves by only one glance at the especially handsome portrait that hangs over the piano.

It was about the time of the opening of the great International Exhibition that Mr. Ashley announced his intention of going and taking the ladies with him, if they were so minded, as of course they were.

"Of course," says some woman-hater. "Whoever knew one of the sex that was not ready and on tip-toe to go anywhere," believing in their inherent gadding propensity.

But "all the world and his wife" have recognized the duty and propriety of being in the Quaker City this year, if never before or again. And in due season Mr. Ashley and his party, for others joined them, was located in quarters about five miles out of the city, to which they went back and forth daily by rail.

The third day being quite stormy, the ladies decided not to venture out, with the exception of Kate, who set off as usual in company with her uncle.

They entered the grounds just in advance of two gentlemen, arm in arm, one of whom remarked presently:

"That is rather a Centennial looking umbrella ahead of us," alluding to that which sheltered Mr. Ashley and Kate, and which was in fact the same faded green one that had caused Kate so much mortification in times past, but which she had now entirely approved of bringing as "so befitting the occasion."

"I was just observing it," replied Mr. Wellman, "and it happens very singularly that it recalls to my mind a very agreeable gentleman I met at Saratoga some years ago. He had a niece with him, a school girl, who refused to be seen walking under such an umbrella, and they had somewhat of a skirmish over it, but he came out ahead. Let us manage to pass them, for I have some curiosity to know if they are the same people. If they are, her views must have undergone a pretty thorough change."

It was easily done, passing them—as easy too to recognize Mr. Ashley. But of Kate he was not certain. He obtained but a partial view of her face, and her figure was so developed and her appearance so much more dignified that he felt considerable doubt. And his curiosity not being wholly satisfied, he proposed to his companion to enter the same building with them, though not the one they had originally intended to visit first. By this means they were able, without any impolite staring, to take a full view of her face, and he had almost decided it was she, when he heard her address her uncle, and the tone of her voice settled the question of her identity.

"If I was you, Wellman," said his friend Morton, "and ever had the acquaintance of the uncle of such an attractive lady I should contrive some way to renew it."

"What way would your ingenuity suggest? for I am by no means indisposed."

Before there was time to frame a reply an elderly gentleman came up to examine some articles of foreign workmanship near which they were standing, and who proved to be an acquaintance of both the young men, though many years their senior.

After the recognition, and some conversation relative to the occasion that had taken place, the elder remarked that he had just been speaking with Mr. Ashley and his niece, of Boston. "Do you know them?" he inquired.

"No," replied Mr. Morton, quickly, "I do not, but wish I had the pleasure, as I have heard of them through a friend of mine."

"There's nothing easier. I shall be happy to introduce you; step this way."

Which they did, and the ceremony was performed.

No reference was made to any former meeting between the Ashleys' and Mr. Wellman, the latter refraining from it through fear of recalling an unpleasant scene to Miss Ashley, while they appeared to have no recollection of him.

The parties being all from the same city the interview was a very pleasant one, and resulted, when they separated, in invitations to the young men to call upon them after their return home.

"An opportunity of which I mean specially to avail myself," said Mr. Wellman, "for I confess I am o'er well pleased with Miss Ashley. I declare, John, I never before gave you credit for having so much art; you ought to be put in some public office," he added, as they laughed at the manner in which their introduction had been brought about.

Mr. Morton, being engaged, was not so much interested in prosecuting the acquaintance after their return, as his friend Wellman was, who not only "specially availed himself of the opportunity," but followed that call up with so many others, and was otherwise so attentive to Kate that Mr. Ashley at last grew quite alarmed, and expressed his belief to his sister, that matters began to "look a little serious." "Not that I have any objections to bring against Mr. Wellman, but I *shall* object to Kate ever leaving us," he said decidedly.

"People in love are very apt to take the ribbons into their own hands, I have generally observed," replied Miss Ashley. For that they were in love she had for some time been certain.

"Do you know, Kate," said Mr. Wellman, as she promised to be his wife, "to what we are indebted for our happiness?"

"I had not supposed we were indebted to anything but ourselves."

"Yes, we are under the deepest obligations to that ugly and very unpoetic old green umbrella of your uncle's." And he related the whole affair, the Saratoga part of which she had by no means forgotten; and how it was in consequense of his seeing the umbrella again at Philadelphia that their acquaintance had been renewed, and the present blissful communication attained.

"But how did you ever dare to propose to marry any one who showed such evidences of the "Traitor," as I did at Saratoga? I blush to recall it."

BEAUTY.

A clever writer says, "Providence meant women to make the world beautiful as much as flowers and butterflies, and there is no sin in tasteful dress, but only in devoting to it too much money or too much time." This is a most sensible view, and is the true ground of medium ship between the one extreme of straight and rigid simplicity and the devotion of the best energies of a life-time to vanity and frivolity. But, after all, what is this rage for dress but an effort after the beautiful? The reason why the beautiful is not always the result is because so many women are ignorant or merely imitative. They have no sense of fitness; the short wear what belongs to the tall, and brunettes sacrifice their natural beauty to look like blondes. That which is inappropriate is never beautiful, no matter how fashionable; but who does not know some woman whose taste and training are so perfect that fashion becomes to her a means of grace instead of a despot; so that even the worst of fashions seems to them but a chain of roses.

WHAT is a man's wealth to him when he is racked and tormented with aches and pains? Many a rich man would give all his piles of gold for one night's sleep. Nay, money stands to him in lieu of health, since he sacrificed health for the sake of obtaining money, which cannot assuage one pang, nor lessen one mischief, nor comfort one heart-break, nor supply one affection.

SCIENTIFIC.

THE well known French earthenware manufacturer, M. Collinot, has discovered a new mode of decoration for residences and public buildings. Instead of applying the decorated faience to the wall, he proposes enamelling the stone itself, by putting up a light scaffolding and using the blowpipe instead of the oven. The advantages claimed for this process are, chiefly, cheapness and durability, the experiments thus far made showing that not only is the method less expensive than separate plates, but that the decoration is calculated to last as long as the stone itself. This method appears to have received the approval of some of the most eminent French architects, and it is to be introduced in the public buildings now in progress.

THE difference in the effect of lightning in various countries is remarkable. It is believed to be more dangerous in England than here. From statistics collected it appears that on an average seventy-seven people are killed by it each year in France, and the annual list of killed and wounded there by this cause amounts to two hundred and fifty. The low-lying departments are less subject to it. Eighty were wounded and nine killed in one thunderstorm at Chateauneuf-les-Moutiers in 1861, and within one week, when the air was highly charged with electricity, thirty-three fearful flashes were observed, each bringing death to some victims. On an average twenty-two people are killed by lightning every year in England, nine in Switzerland, and three in Belgium.

M. WATRIGANT of Belgium is of the opinion that none of the dry-plate photographic processes now in vogue are capable of giving pictures equal to those from wet plates. He proposes a method of maintaining the moist film in a wet condition, so as to be readily available. He takes the plate as it comes from the dipping bath and puts round its margin an India rubber ring, in such a way that the rubber lops over on each side. Upon this sensitized plate a second one is placed, similarly prepared, the two collodion films toward each other; the two are tightly fastened in any convenient way, by string or some other means, and then one is in possession of a couple of prepared films sealed hermetically. It will be found that not only can no injury arise from the two plates pressing against one another—as the rubber ring forms a suitable buffer—but that plates may be kept in a moist condition in this state for a period of forty-eight hours.

A CURIOUS variety of remarkable mechanisms was lately exhibited in South Kensington, London, among those being the original telescopes and other instruments used by Galileo, now for the first time allowed to be removed from Florence; Watt's first steam engine was also another object of extreme interest, as also the original air pump made by Otto Guericke of Magdeburg; a quadrant belonging to Tycho Brahe; a telescope by Huggbens; the pendulum apparatus of Foucault and Gauss; Babbage's calculating machine, and that made by James Black for Lord Mahon; the original Napier bones; the measuring instruments of Sir Joseph Whitworth; the apparatus employed by Joule in ascertaining the mechanical equivalent of heat; the apparatus with which Prof. Faraday made many of his wonderful chemical discoveries; the original Wheatstone Bridge; the instruments used in laying the Atlantic cable; Armstrong's hydro-electric machine, &c., &c.

RAILROAD rails made of iron base and Bessemer steel head have recently been so successfully welded as to baffle the most trying test to show even the juncture of the two metals. That such a rail is even better than one of solid Bessemer steel would appear from an experiment in which one of each kind was submitted to sixty blows by a twenty-ton hammer; the Bessemer rail was completely shattered, cracked through and through in every direction, while the welded rail, though mashed down and twisted in the neck, showed no sign of fracture in any part. This result is attained by the use of a peculiar metalloid sponge or flux. The pile is made up as for the ordinary iron rail; for the head, scraps of waste steel are spread of the desired thickness, and upon this is laid a plate of steel. The flux, in the shape of hard substance, about the size of a kernel of corn, is scattered through and over the pile, which is then placed in the oven. When properly heated, it is drawn and rolled in the ordinary manner. It is found to be perfectly homogeneous mass, the fibrous iron, the crystalline steel, having their particles so interwoven that it is a physical impossibility to separate them. The flux thus uniting the iron and steel is composed of 55 parts iron, 20 of silicon, and 25 of aluminum.

CORRESPONDENCE.

L. A. W. (Minneapolis)—Write to the Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C.

X. Y., (Waco, Texas)—The "School of Technology," Boston, Mass., is considered one of the best in the United States.

SECRETARY, E. E. C., (Tampa, Fla.) If you will write to J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, or to Harper & Brothers, or D. Appleton & Co., New York, they will send you the price list.

ESTHER (Williamsburg, N. Y.) asks:—"Can astrologers really read the future, as they advertise to do?" No "astrologer" can read the future a whit better than any one else. The pretences of advertising astrologers are simply ridiculous.

DARK EYES, (New York) No doubt you committed a great impropriety in answering a gentleman, who had never been introduced to you, when he spoke to you in the street. Your own good sense ought to tell you that it was most incorrect and indiscreet.

W. S. B. (Taylorsville, Pa.) asks: "Please to give us, through the POST, a receipt for a good whitewash for buildings?" The best plan is to mix a little salt and glue with the ordinary whitewash—say in the proportion of one part of each to sixty parts of whitewash.

F. W. E. (Jonesville, Union Co., S. C.)—We should like very much to accommodate you by republishing the stories you refer to, if we deemed it advisable; but as many of our readers might object, we are constrained to deny the request, hoping that you may find others in the POST of equal interest.

D. G., (Huntsville, Ala.) wishes to know how many general kinds of poison there are. There are four: mineral, animal, vegetable, and aerial. The mineral poisons corrode the flesh, and produce inflammation. The vegetable generally stupefy, and leave no marks of inflammation. The animal generally affect the whole body; and the aerial the respiratory organs.

G. C. F. (Dover, Del.)—"Please oblige a constant reader by informing me through the "Correspondence" column of the POST what were the Seven Wonders of the World." The Seven Wonders of the World were as follows: 1. The Egyptian Pyramids; 2. Artemisia's Mausoleum; 3. Diana's Temple at Ephesus; 4. Babylon's Hanging Gardens; 5. The Colossus at Rhodes; 6. The Statue of Jupiter Olympus; 7. The Lighthouse at Alexandria.

J. S. NELSON, (Keokuk, Iowa,) wishes to know the cost of a book suitable for a young writer, and also the subscription price of the SATURDAY EVENING POST. You can get "Parker's Aid to English Composition," for about $1.25. Jesse Haney & Co., 119 Nassau St., New York, furnish a very neat little work entitled "Guide to Authorship," for 50 cents. You will find our terms of subscription, with club rates, on the fourth page of the POST, at the beginning of the first column.

CONSTANCE, (Philadelphia) writes:—"Do you think it is wrong for a young lady to engage herself to a young gentleman against the wishes of her parents, although they can offer no objection to the young gentleman in question, he being a person of splendid character and attainments?" We cannot, as a rule, approve of the conduct of any young lady who engages herself to be married contrary to the wishes of her parents. If she be of age she certainly has the legal right to do so; but still she is morally flying in the face of her parents.

BERTIE, (Buena Vista, Md.) asks: 1. "What is the best Dictionary to use in studying Latin, also, price of it by mail. 2. Is it most correct to use capitals in addressing a letter, as 'My Dear Friend?' 'Parker on Composition' favors them, while Quackenbos is in favor of small d in 'dear?'" 1. Andrew's Latin Lexicon is a standard work, and can be obtained of any bookseller for $6. 2. Either is admissible. Your question relative to the color and making of a dress, we refer to our Fashion Editress, who will answer it in the "Fashion" Department of the POST.

WINFRED, (Titusville, N. J.) asks: "What is a person to do, supposing he is out walking with a young lady, and meets during his walk a gentleman friend, who is not acquainted with the lady? Would there be any impropriety in his introducing them? I have been severely blamed by a lady friend for introducing her to a gentleman in a similar case—but I cannot see that there was anything wrong in it." The lady probably has her private reasons for not wishing the acquaintance of this gentleman. Under ordinary circumstances, a stranger to the lady would not expect to join you, and there would be no necessity for an introduction.

A MOTHER, (New York), writes: "Can you tell me what is the best medicine to give children, when there is no special sickness, but a general lassitude and desire to remain quiet?" The best medicine for children is happiness. Try to make your little ones happy; impose no burden upon them; see that they have opportunity for active out-door sports, play with them yourself; tell them stories; take them to see some of the wonderful sights of New York—and almost anything is wonderful and full of interest to children; give them plenty of plain, simple, well-cooked food; put them to bed early: let them sleep till they wake up; and you will probably have little occasion for doctor's visits and medicines.

CHRISTIAN, (Chicago,)—"I am a member of the Christian Church," says this correspondent; "but I fear I am not a *good* Christian. I have become so accustomed to quarrelling with my family and friends that quarrelling has become a habit with me. I am very unhappy and make all around me unhappy. Please advise me what to do, that I may act the part of a Christian." Read the Sermon on the Mount and the thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth chapters of John, or as much of them as you can, daily and prayerfully, until their soothing and heavenly influence shall cast out the evil spirit which seems to have entered into and taken up its abode in your heart. The fact that you are so conscious of your shortcomings, and of the evil habit which you deplore, is a great point in your favor, and will render the exorcism of the evil tenant of your heart a comparatively easy matter.

B. B., (Yardleyville, Pa.) writes: "I have been visiting a young lady for more than three years and am very much interested. However, I believe that I do not yet quite understand her secret disposition. There is, I fear, something about her which she artfully conceals, and, hence, I am of the opinion that to marry her would be a little risky. Please let me know in the "Correspondence Column," of the POST what you think about it, and advise me as to the best course to pursue." You ought to know better than any stranger what the "secret disposition" of the young lady is, inasmuch as you have been acquainted with her for more than three years. So long as you are afraid that she has traits of character "which she artfully conceals," as you say, you would not act discreetly should you marry her. You may be mistaken in your suspicions; but it would be better to continue under such a mistake than to make one of the other kind.

A. B. M. writes: "I saw some time ago in some newspaper an advertisement wanting an old cent of a certain date, of which there were only five coined that year. They had three of them; one was known to be lost at sea, and they wanted the other one. I did not pay much attention to it, and have forgotten the date of the one wanted, but, having since found one dated 1794, and on the rim the words "one hundred for a dollar," I would like to know if it is the one wanted, and if it is of any market value, and if there is any place in your city where it could be sold?" We have never seen the advertisement to which you refer, but will give your letter the benefit of our large circulation, and should this meet the eye of any one interested in such antique relics, a communication with you may be effected through us. There are sometimes purchasers of old coins on the street corners, but their transactions are scarcely extensive enough to admit of classifying them among business men, so that it will be somewhat difficult to ascertain the location of such purchasers, unless you should by chance see their advertisements in the newspapers.

R. N. C., (Bloomfield, Pa.) writes:—"Please give me the names of the firms and persons who publish games. What, in your opinion, is the right, title and copyright of a first-class game worth? Do the publishers of games prefer to buy games rather than lease them on royalties? After taking a commercial course, I desire very much to secure a situation on board a steamboat as clerk. How had I best proceed so as to be successful?" We are not sufficiently acquainted with the rules adopted by publishers of games to give you satisfactory answers to your first three questions. If you will write to "The Orange Judd Publishing Company," New York City, you can doubtless obtain the desired information. In regard to your last question, we are unable to afford you any encouragement. It is a matter of extreme difficulty to secure a situation in any capacity at present, unless you can command such influence as will force a vacancy. Your best plan will be to secure a letter of introduction from some prominent individual to the business manager of the Company you desire to enlist with, or to the Captain or Purser of some particular vessel. Even then, your chances are exceedingly precarious.